The Outlook

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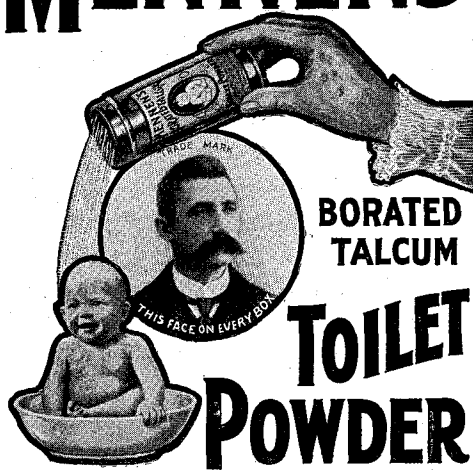

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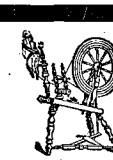

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The Outlook

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The Race Question: Points of Agreement

A meeting to promote the industrial education of the negro was held under the auspices of the Armstrong Association at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York City, on April 14. Ex-President Cleveland was chairman of the meeting. Mayor Low, in introducing the chairman, stated tersely the motive that actuated those who are interested in such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee by recalling "the ancient truth that the divinest help to any man is helping him to help himself." The speakers of the evening, Mr. Cleveland, Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, Secretary of the Southern Education Board, Dr. Lyman Abbott, William H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad and Treasurer of Tuskegee Institute, and Booker T. Washington, represented different sections of the country, different political parties, and different races. Their substantial and wholly unpremeditated agreement concerning the principles involved in the solution of the race problem was therefore the more remarkable. These were, in brief: that though, in Mr. Cleveland's phrase, "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it," the whole Nation must share in the burden, the people of the North in particular doing what they can to give strength to those on whom the burden rests directly; that political privileges cannot be bestowed upon the negroes, but can only be achieved by them; that their political freedom must wait upon their economic freedom, as in the case of any other race; that the negroes have already amply proved that both morally and industrially they were capable of elevation; and that their elevation must come primarily by means of an education that will give them industrial self-reliance. Two statements made at the meeting substantiating these principles are worthy of special mention. One was that of Mr. Baldwin, who said of Tuskegee, an institution established and maintained by negroes, that "its accounts are kept as carefully as any banker's;" the other was that by Mr. Washington, who said that in Virginia alone negroes had accumulated $17,000,000, assessed value, of taxable property—negroes who forty years ago did not own even themselves. Hampton and Tuskegee are strategical points in the battle for the education of the negro; both of them are well established; but it involves waste of energy on the part of Mr. Frissell and Mr. Washington to keep them provided with supplies; these two points at least ought to be permanently occupied and made centers from which forces for the education of the negro should get recruits. This means adequate endowment.

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The Voter's Assistant Law in Delaware

If there were any doubt that Governor Hunn, of Delaware, is in league with J. Edward Addicks and intends to support the latter in his fight for the United States Senatorship, such doubt would be removed by the Governor's "pocket veto" of the bill repealing the Voter's Assistant Law, which was passed by the Delaware Legislature just before its adjournment. Nobody denies that the law was intended to facilitate the purchase of votes by Mr. Addicks and his workers, and that the voter's assistants acted as tally-clerks to check up the votes that Mr. Addicks bought and insure the "delivery of the goods" for which he paid. When the so-called "repealer" was under discussion in the Legislature, Senator Conner, one of Mr. Addicks's stanchest adherents, boldly defended the law, and opposed its repeal, on the ground that, as he frankly said, "It insures delivery of the goods.

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When I buy a horse, I want my horse. When a Republican buys a vote, he wants his vote. When a Democrat buys a vote, he wants his vote. So, you see, there are, as I contend, no politics in it; for Mr. Democrat has thus an opportunity to get his vote, instead of being cheated out of it, as he has been so many times in this State." In the face of this shameless and cynical defense of the law by one of Mr. Addicks's chief adherents, in spite of the uncontradicted facts with regard to its operation recently set forth in these columns by Mr. Kennan, and in contemptuous disregard of the representations and appeals made to him by clergymen, delegations, and honest, patriotic citizens from all parts of the State, Governor Hunn has practically vetoed the repeal of this obnoxious law by withholding his signature until the constitutional limit of thirty days has expired. In so doing he has given his support to the boldest briber and vote-buyer now in the political field, and has virtually joined Senator Conner in declaring that when an office-seeker buys a vote, he is entitled to the "delivery of the goods."

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"Pure Food" Corruption in Missouri

The State of Missouri has been defrauded and its Legislature corrupted by a decoy "Public Health Society," created, it is said, in the interests of a baking-powder combination to aid it in suppressing competition. Last week, through the efforts of the county prosecuting attorney at Jefferson City, supported by the Attorney-General of the State and Circuit Attorney Folk, a startling amount of evidence was brought before the Grand Juries at the capital city and in St. Louis, demonstrating the lavish use of bribery in the State Senate, and leading to the indictment of several of its most prominent members. One of the indictments returned was for the acceptance of a bribe in connection with school text-book legislation, but the others were all connected with the Public Health Society's "Pure Food" Bill. This measure was smuggled through the Legislature in 1899, under the guise of protecting the public against food adulterations. It was aimed, however, particularly at the use of alum in the preparation of baking-powder, and for that reason was supported by the so-called baking-powder trust—the competitors of which, it is alleged, use alum in preparing their wares. No doubt there are good reasons for condemning the use of alum on hygienic grounds, but the passage of the Pure Food Bill was intended to give the four manufactories in the so-called trust a practical monopoly in Missouri. This effect was made apparent by suits brought by a son of United States Senator Stone against baking-powder firms not in the combination. At the session of 1901 a repeal bill was introduced and passed the lower house by a large majority, but was held up in the Senate—partly through the influence of Senator Stone, who appeared as attorney for the so-called Public Health Society. At the last session of the Legislature the repeal bill was again passed by the House, but was defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of Lieutenant-Governor Lee. This officer, who has completely broken down in health during the present investigation, has confessed that the agent of the so-called baking-powder trust made several attempts to bribe him, and after the repeal bill was defeated sent him a check for $1,000. This check he kept for some ten days, or, as the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" puts it, until he saw that exposure was imminent. Some of the Senators involved in the bribe-taking appear to have made a clean breast of the matter before one or the other of the Grand Juries, while two others are in hiding. A sweeping cross-fire of indictments appears to be in preparation, the Jefferson City Grand Jury indicting accused corruptionists for bribery, while the St. Louis Grand Jury indicts them for perjury at earlier investigations. The effective co-operation of the prosecuting authorities at the capital and at the metropolis does much to counteract for the State the shame of the legislative misdoings. Circuit Attorney Folk is certainly not making this fight alone, and in St. Louis itself it appears that he is much more widely supported than the report—which we erroneously accepted—of the recent councilmanic election indicated. The upper house of the newly elected Council proves to be exceptionally satisfactory to the reformers. It was only in a few wards that machine candidates obnoxious to the Circuit Attorney were elected to the lower house,

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Counter-Organization by Employers

The National Association of Manufacturers, which met in New Orleans last week, has during the last year, under the presidency of Mr. D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, turned its efforts into the channel of resisting the aggrandizement of organized labor. Even its legislative work, as President Parry reported to the New Orleans Convention, has been chiefly directed along these lines, and its influence upon Congress, as he pointed out, has been manifest in the failure of organized labor to secure action in both houses upon the anti-injunction and eight-hours bills which the labor forces were pressing so vigorously. This new line of activity, a warm supporter of President Parry writes us, has brought to the Association new power. "A year ago, when he [Mr. Parry] became President, there were one thousand manufacturing establishments on the roll of members. Since he developed the policy of strenuous opposition to labor, the membership has doubled, and it is now growing at the rate of one hundred and fifty per month. The plan of the Association is to promote employers' associations in every State, each association to be a part of an employers' council of the United States. . . . The proper balance between capital and labor cannot be maintained with labor organized and capital unorganized." At New Orleans the Association formulated its attitude toward organized labor. It declared itself not to be opposed to the principle of organized labor, but to be unalterably opposed to boycotts and blacklists, to discrimination against employees because of membership or non-membership in unions, to all interference between employers and employed by outside organizations or agents, and to all restrictions upon the opportunity of any person to learn a trade. Except the resolution against the interference of outside organizations—which literally would apply to activities of the proposed employers' organization, but which was apparently intended to keep employees from acting through agents not liable to discharge—the positions taken were eminently moderate and will doubtless secure the assent of employers everywhere. When this statement had been agreed upon, a resolution was adopted calling for the united action of all employers in labor matters, and authorizing the officers of the Manufacturers' Association to bend their energies toward the creation of a permanent central organization representing employers of all kinds to serve as "a clearing-house for ideas, and provide means for co-operation on matters of common interest." This action is one of decided importance, even if it proves to be nothing more than a declaration of spirit. It is not true, of course, that to-day labor is organized and capital unorganized. Unorganized labor outnumbers organized, even in manufacturing industries, while corporate capital far exceeds individual capital. Furthermore, the labor organization has a weak control upon the labor of the individual member compared with that which the corporation has upon the capital of the individual member. Even when unorganized, capitalists from time immemorial have been quicker to act together than laborers. The need of the central organization of capitalists, therefore, is less than the Manufacturers' Association seems to declare. Nevertheless, the excessive use of the boycott by labor organizations must tend to create a counter-organization able to use the same weapon. It is right and honorable for organized laborers themselves to insist upon purchasing goods made under union conditions, but we fail to see what right they have to attempt to coerce others to take the same action.

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Indiana's Weekly Pay-Day Law Overthrown

The Indiana Supreme Court has overthrown the weekly pay-day law enacted by the last Legislature, and overthrown it, according to the despatches, on the broad ground that the Legislature may not thus restrict the freedom of contract between employer and employee. It is possible, of course, that some clause in the Indiana Constitution necessitated this decision, and made unconstitutional in Indiana just such a law as Massachusetts has had for years, to the increasing and now general satisfaction of employers as well as employees. If there is such a clause, however, its presence is greatly to be regretted, for the weekly payment of wages tends to overthrow the custom of buying on credit, which, as President Hadley showed long

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ago, when he was Labor Commissioner of Connecticut, leads not only to extravagant purchases and uncollectable debts, but also to higher prices to all careful and honest purchasers. Freedom of contract is no more an unlimited right than freedom of conduct. Indiana, for example, forbids contracts calling for more than eight per cent. interest, on the ground that they are injurious to the borrower. If the State may forbid such contracts, how much more should it be able to forbid contracts by which the wages of laborers shall not be promptly paid them. As a rule, such contracts are not made by laborers when they are free to reject them, and it naturally seems to the laborers a mockery of their freedom to declare that the State is not free to prevent contracts hurtful not only to themselves but to storekeepers and to the general public.

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A Plumbers' Combination Dissolved

The Circuit Court of Missouri has issued an order dissolving the Association of Master Plumbers of St. Louis. It was proven in court that the Association had prevented the sale of plumbers' supplies by local companies to any plumbers not members of the Association. The Court held that this was plainly a combination in restraint of trade, having for its object the monopolizing of the plumbing business in St. Louis. The Court made a sharp and valid distinction between the rights of an individual to do certain things and the rights of an association to do them. An individual plumbing supply concern, it held, may refuse to sell supplies to any individual plumber; but a combination of concerns to keep him from buying supplies is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. The doctrine is as old as the common law, but it has been boldly ignored of late years both by combinations of employers and combinations of employees. In Chicago, for example, it has been simultaneously ignored by both these combinations in agreements between them to prevent the use of building materials prepared by concerns outside the city. Any individual employer may buy materials where he pleases, and any individual workman may limit himself to the use of any materials he pleases, but the combination of ten thousand employers and employees to limit the use of materials may be as dangerous to the prosperity of the community as the combination of ten thousand men to go armed through the streets may be to its peace. The combinations in the building trades to prevent purchases from outside the city are plainly aimed to create a monopoly and force the community to pay prices fixed thereby. The right to combine, whether of labor or capital, must be restricted to the right to combine for ends consistent with the public welfare.

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The Irish National Convention

The Convention held last week at Dublin was as truly representative a meeting of the Irish National League as has yet taken place. The speeches were full of Celtic rhetorical exuberance, with the exception of the notably restrained statements made by Mr. John Redmond, who presided. He kept order impassively, and "like Parnell," as an old Nationalist said. He strongly urged on the Convention the acceptance of the Land Bill now before the British Parliament; and, after a number of amendments had been offered, the Convention, by a unanimous vote, accepted the bill in principle, intrusting to Mr. Redmond and the other Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons the task of securing that "serious amendment in various points of vital importance" which the Convention considered essential. It is unlikely that all of the amendments will be accepted by the Government; but some of them may be incorporated in legislation, especially as the Convention is to be succeeded by a conference to consider them, at which both landlords and tenants will be represented. The chief conferees are to be Lords Dunraven and Mayo, Messrs. Shawe-Taylor, Russell, Redmond, and O'Brien. To Americans the most interesting of the amendments proposed was that brought forward by Mr. Michael Davitt, who has sometimes been called the most irreconcilable of all irreconcilables, providing that the principle of the American Homestead Law be introduced into the Land Bill "to safeguard the peasants from the results of improvident borrowing and from the operation of land-grabbers and land-jobbers." Mr. Davitt's adherence to the

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principle of the Land Bill was particularly fortunate, since he had the power to divide the delegates into two bitterly opposing camps. Instead of fomenting opposition, Mr. Davitt made an impassioned address, in which he voiced his undying hatred of Irish landlords, and also his doubt as to whether they would settle down and help in the development of Ireland after the passage of the Land Bill. Even as amended, he maintained that the bill would not put an end to the land struggle. He may be right, but if it should put an end to only half the struggle it would be well worth passing.

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Balkan Unrest Last week's events in the Turkish provinces of Macedonia and Albania were of an extremely disquieting nature. In the first province there were several desperate attempts on the part of the Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands to surround isolated and small groups of Turkish soldiers, in return for which the Turks blotted out whole villages, massacring the men and violating the women. In Albania the Commission sent by the Sultan to appease the wild mountaineers failed to secure their adhesion to the reform scheme of the Powers, except on the condition that the Albanians be allowed to choose their own Governors and civil officials, and that other minor concessions be granted to them. As an indication of the Sultan's fear of the Albanians (his personal body-guard at Constantinople is composed of them), the murderer of the Russian Consul stationed at Mitrovitsa, in North Albania, was condemned to an imprisonment of but fifteen years; on Russia's protest, however, he has now been condemned to capital punishment. The Porte has concentrated large bodies of troops in both Macedonia and Albania, and it would seem, from appearances, that there may be some desire to carry out the reforms insisted on by the Powers as to the police, tax officials, and the proper use of tax funds. Appearances, however, are deceitful; at all events, the outrages, whether due to Turkey or Bulgaria, which have occurred in the disturbed regions since the Sultan's acceptance of the programme imposed upon him, have now been sufficient to convince Russia and Austria that new joint notes are necessary. Accordingly, on Saturday of last week they were presented at Constantinople and at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. Turkey was informed that the Albanian disturbances must be effectively and speedily suppressed, while Bulgaria was warned not to encourage in any way the Macedonian movement. Though the Russian and Austrian notes acknowledge that Turkey is endeavoring to carry out the administrative part of the reforms, they declare that sufficiently prompt and energetic measures against the Albanians have not been adopted. Regarding Bulgaria, the note asserts that the old connection between the Government at Sofia and the revolutionary bands has not ceased. Hence the notes are intended as a warning to both Governments to take a more serious view of their responsibilities.

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The Attitude of Russia and Austria As the Constantinople note is directed against the Albanians, for whom the Russian newspapers not unnaturally accuse Austria of entertaining friendliness, it is important as furnishing Austria with an opportunity to show a regard for Russia which has not been evident since 1878, when, with the help of the other Powers, particularly England, the Russo-Turkish treaty of San Stefano was torn up by the International Congress at Berlin, and a new agreement, now known as the Treaty of Berlin, was substituted. The Treaty of San Stefano guaranteed autonomy and practical freedom to Macedonia, a freedom similar to that now enjoyed by Bulgaria. San Stefano is a little place only fifteen miles from Constantinople, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 had brought the victors within easy striking distance of the city founded by Constantine. Russian resources had, however, been somewhat exhausted, and the Powers, Austria and England in particular, jealous of Russia's sudden acquirement of a sphere of influence extending over most of the Balkan Peninsula, decided that some of that influence must be curtailed. For this curtailment the Macedonians have unjustly suffered. It is not to be denied that Bulgarian civilization leaves much to be desired; but, at all events, it is a great improvement on Muslim tyranny. For the present

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condition of unrest, therefore, among the Macedonians (the large majority of whom are Bulgarians, the rest being Servians, Albanians, Greeks, and Turks), the European Powers, save Russia, are directly responsible. Whatever Austria might win out of a possible Balkan conflagration, she could hardly win the love of the Macedonians as would Russia, even if the Turkish province were for the most part Teuton instead of being mostly Slav in race, speech, and religion. Macedonia, therefore, naturally gravitates towards Bulgaria, and, with Bulgaria, towards Russia. As to Albania, its future would lie more naturally in an absorption into the neighboring principality of Montenegro than into the Austrian Empire. If Austria is permitted to advance through the narrow province of Novi-Bazar and gain the long-coveted port of Salonika, on the Ægean Sea, her ambition will have been perhaps sufficiently gratified.

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The Trouble in the Carolines

Light is thrown upon the cause of the recent interference of the German authorities in the Caroline Islands with our missionary work there by the letter of the missionary Mr. Stimson, the full text of which we have received from the Board at Boston. It confirms our statements made last week, and blames the colonial Government for subserviency to the policy of a German trading company intent on the exploitation of the islands. Mr. Stimson says: "The Jaluit Gesellschaft, which has the trade monopoly, is practically the soul and object of the Government; they are jealous of every acre of land that it shall be put to bearing cocoanuts. Their agent at Ponape, when here, rebuked me for not planting our land to nuts. But I told him that we must have cows, and could not have both nuts and cows." The same letter reports serious indications of a purpose to dispossess our mission of its valid title to permanent occupancy, viz.: "This property was purchased, and the deed indorsed and stamped by the Spanish Government at Ponape. But when the Government posted its order in Ponape that all deeds should be presented there for acknowledgment of the German Government, it was carefully withheld from Ruk [Mr. Stimson's island, 300 miles distant], and it is said no one here knew of it. Governor Habel himself told me that he personally wrote to Kusaic, warning them to get their deeds in. When I asked him why he did not notify us at Ruk, he replied he 'did not have to; the notice was posted at Ponape.' I asked him if the deed as stamped by the Spanish was not valid. He laughed and said, 'Oh, that will make a good site for the Government when it moves from Ponape.'" The question, Why this interference with the mission at Ruk and not at Ponape and Kusaic? is answered by observing that at Ruk and the neighboring group of the Mortlocks the population is several times larger than that of all the rest of the eastern Carolines. If the Jaluit Gesellschaft can secure enforcement of its insistence on no cows but all cocoanuts, large profits are in sight. Meanwhile, Mr. Stimson reports that "everything is being done that can be thought of to harass our work." The fears of the natives are being played upon, and finally the arrest of the class in the mission school, reported last week, was made on the charge of a German trader. Mr. Stimson adds: "It is my judgment that the Germans will put every possible obstacle in the way of either continuing your work or any one else succeeding to it." The colonial authorities are thought to prefer Catholic missionaries to Protestants, and the arrival of priests is expected shortly.

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Bishop Brent on Christian Unity

The first Pastoral Letter from Bishop Brent, the first Episcopal Bishop in the Philippine Islands, presents the convictions of a man of the deepest religious nature, thoroughly consecrated to his work, and of exceptional ability; and it is noticeable as revealing the breadth of view which dealing with actual conditions on the frontier of civilization, so to speak, brings to an open-minded man. Bishop Brent belongs to what is known as the High Church wing of the Episcopal Church, and takes strong ground as to the authority of the priesthood and the sacraments. The catholicity of his letter is therefore the more significant because, as a rule, men who hold his view of Church authority are not tolerant of differences of opinion, nor are they fraternal in their expressions

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to people of other religious affiliations. Bishop Brent's Pastoral is an enforcement of the text, "Peace among men in whom God is well pleased." After interpreting at some length the quality of the peace, he declares that the Church is the foremost opportunity given by God to men. "Every time our Lord calls disciples to himself, he calls them to one another. . . . It is impossible to get away from Church unity if the personal life is in union with our Lord. . . . Distinctions and separations are near, if not on, the surface; the deep thing, the enduring thing, which God sees and acts upon even when man ignores it, is the unity." It is Bishop Brent's interpretation of this spirit of unity in his attitude towards Roman Catholics and Protestants that gives his letter unusual interest and significance. "Proselytism from other Christian Churches as a fixed purpose becomes an impossibility. . . . The coming of the American Nation to these fair islands of the sea has necessitated an ecclesiastical revolution. Where there was once an ironclad religious monopoly, there is now the diversity which is commonplace in other countries." Bishop Brent says that he did not go to the Philippines to array himself in battle against the Roman Catholic faith, and that, for his part, he can see no more justification for trying to win men away on doctrinal grounds from allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church than for one part of Protestantism to prey upon another and find satisfaction in it. He makes one exception to this statement, and that is the case of a community in which the clergy have so abandoned the laws of morality as to make their position a cloak for sin. He declares that, fortunately, unity of life in Christ does not depend upon ecclesiastical unity; and he says that in common dealings of every-day life we can abjure the spirit of aloofness and act with that disposition of good will and sense of kinship and tenderness which a right-minded man entertains towards an estranged brother.

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Towards Protestant Churches

What Bishop Brent says about Protestant churches may be regarded as prophetic of the inevitable influence of spirituality: "Sooner or later logic and the irresistible force of the indwelling spirit will lead us to share mutually and without hesitancy the spiritual wealth of consecrated life and intellect, which we severally enjoy. Is there any reason, beyond that of precedent, why great teachers who have risen above the partisan, but who belong to another communion, should not be asked to contribute of their riches by word of mouth to our people? As I have often said, we put into the hands of our congregations and use in our sermons the works of such men as Bruce, Luthardt, Milligan, Dale, Fairbairn, McLaren, Adam Smith, Van Dyke—I have run my eye haphazard across my bookshelves—and yet we have not come to the point where we could lawfully and in accord with the canons invite the greatest of them to preach from our pulpits. But the future will take care of itself in this matter without any present disregard for law." Bishop Brent makes an admirable suggestion when he says that it would be a blessing if missionary boards at home were to suppress all publications of statistics professing to indicate the spiritual status of various communions. The spirit of competition, when churches are working side by side in the same place, does not make for Christian unity or peace. "I am not particularly concerned in trying to impress the Filipino people with the unity of Protestantism only, but I am anxious to stand for the deep, imperishable unity of the whole Christian Church that some day will break forth into a visible and permanent form." This noble and notable utterance of Bishop Brent ought to be taken to heart by all Catholic-minded people; for it is true Catholic doctrine.

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Monsignor Alcocer's Pastoral Letter

Strikingly different in its spirit is the Pastoral Letter of Monsignor Martin Garcia Alcocer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cebu and Administrator Apostolic of Manila. Some allowance must be made for the polemic attitude of Monsignor Alcocer, because of the schism in the Roman Church itself in the Archipelago. In truth, his Pastoral Letter leads us to think that this schism is more important than we had supposed it to be. One or two quotations, taken almost at haphazard from this letter,

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must suffice to indicate the extent and limit of its charity for Protestants:

> If we compare the sanctity of the Church with the customs which predominate among the followers of heresy and schism, we shall notice a lively contrast, similar to that existing between light and darkness, between good and evil, between order and chaos. In the Church, examples and maxims of humility, obedience, and noble submission to legitimate authority and to just laws, both divine and human; among the sects, pride, insubordination to lawful authority, and a servile slavery to the caprices of certain leaders. In the Church, the spirit of evangelical truth, justice, and charity; among the sects, thirst for novelty, oppression, and refined egoism. In the Church, purity of sentiment and principles, the sanctity of matrimony, and love for original purity; in the heresies, a disordered appetite for sensual pleasures, divorce, license, and riotousness.

Or again:

> Another common trait of the Protestant sects is that of playing the part of reformers, presenting themselves as immaculate, irreprehensible, and modest in the extreme. In their public words and actions they appear gentle and sweet; all their exterior deportment appears the model of modesty, humility, and devotion. . . . But if we examine closely, we shall soon find that all this outside demonstration is a ridiculous farce, a comedy, an astute mockery of true religion, to better deceive the unwary. . . . A soul faithless, without charity, without submission to religious law or authority, hides itself under an appearance of sanctity. And all in them is pretended, violent, and false, and when the crisis comes, not a single martyr for religion is found, not a single hero for the sake of virtue, not a single example of sanctity.

If we compare the Pastoral Letters of Bishop Brent and Monsignor Alcocer, it is very evident that it is the Catholic who is not catholic and the non-Catholic who is catholic. It is alike well for the people of the Philippine Archipelago and for the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in the Archipelago that the Vatican has decided—at least it is so reported—to substitute American clergy for Spanish clergy in those islands. It would take only one generation of education in common schools to teach the Filipinos that such wholesale denunciations of Protestant Christians as are contained in these extracts are untrue; and, losing their faith in their religious leaders, it would be quite in accordance with the course of past history if, as a result, they lost their faith in religion. Doubtless there are bigots in the American churches; but the clergy of all the various communions in America, with diminishing exceptions, look on one another, not merely with tolerance, but with mutual respect and esteem, and have learned that the best way to commend their own religious faith is to exercise toward those of a different faith that charity which "thinketh no evil." If the Roman Catholic Church of the Philippines is put under the American hierarchy, and if the Protestant missionaries go to the Philippines in the spirit of Bishop Brent, it is not unreasonable to hope that Catholics and Protestants will teach the Filipinos a lesson of good will, by a kindly competition which will have no other effect on either than to provoke both to good works.

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Further Prayer-Book Revision

Similar in the catholicity of its spirit to Bishop Brent's Pastoral Letter is a tract reprinted from the "Churchman," on Further Prayer-Book Revision, written by the Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., the rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, Mass. The essential principle involved in this paper is expressed by the resolution which the author would like to see introduced into the next General Convention, providing for a committee to consider "what modification, if any, of existing constitutional, canonical, and rubrical provisions for the Church's public worship is needed to bring the conditions of such worship into accord with the basis declared by the bishops of the Church for the unity of all Christian people." That basis, our readers will remember, consisted of four elements, and only four: Acceptance of the Scriptures, the two creeds (the Apostles' and the Nicene), the two sacraments (Baptism and the Lord's Supper), and the historic episcopal ministry in its threefold order. Dr. Abbott justly says that if these are the sole elements essential to Christian unity, then "the Prayer-Book, vestments, and some other things are accidents, incidentals, variable, optional, not at all the essentials which some among us, and some outside of us, seem to think they are." In order to square the liturgy to the declaration of the Bishops, four elements, and only four, ought to be made obligatory and inviolable: Authoritative Lessons from the Scriptures; the habitual

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declaration of the two creeds; the faithful use of the two sacraments; and, if we understand Dr. Abbott aright, the retention of the present consecration services for deacons, priests, and bishops as a threefold order. These features made obligatory, he would provide for large liberty in other respects—including the right to use the Revised Version of the Bible, the right to abbreviate the Lessons or to omit one of the two Lessons, a reconstruction of the Psalter, liberty to use extemporaneous prayers and to use other than the designated hymnal, and a "modification of the Confirmation Office so as to meet the case of Christian adults of other communions desiring to be received into our own," etc. One suggestion which he makes is worth considering by ministers of other communions: "In most communities, on most occasions, and under ordinary circumstances, one hour is the extreme limit to which any one service, including sacrament and sermon, should be prolonged. Better . . . six short services of half or three-quarters of an hour each . . . than two of an hour and a half each." We suspect that Dr. Abbott's suggestion of such revision of the Prayer-Book will be looked at with suspicion by two classes in the Episcopal Church—the Protestant and the anti-Protestant. The first will object to it because it would open the way to what they regard as a Romish ritual, the other because it would open the way to services simpler than those of the Church's past traditions. But if the Church is to be Catholic, in reality and not in name merely, its services must be so adjusted that within its communion, though possibly in different local churches and certainly in different services, all devout souls can find liberty for their spiritual edification and enjoyment, alike those who are most enamored of an elaborate symbolism and those who are most indifferent to symbols. The question what symbols shall be used in a church service is far more a question of taste or sentiment than it is of religion. Church unity can never be secured by a process which denies to devout souls of different temperaments the right to express their spiritual life by differing methods in accordance with their different temperaments. Uniformity of worship and catholicity of spirit are absolutely inconsistent.

Rabbi Gottheil

There was a National interest attached to the life and work of Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, who died in this city last week, not merely because he was at the head of the largest and richest synagogue in the United States, but because he was a man of eminent scholarly attainments, of liberal ideas, and of broad human sympathies. He was a Prussian by birth, and was educated to be a rabbi from his earliest childhood. In his university days he first came under the influence of the famous Rabbi Plessner, and later listened to several of the progressive leaders among the Jews in what was then beginning to be called Reformed Judaism. Dr. Gottheil held pastorates in Berlin and in Manchester, England, and was a delegate from the English Jews to the famous Leipzig Synod, which adopted strong resolutions in favor of reform ideas. He had been pastor of the Temple Emanu-El for twenty-five years, and the congregation over which he presided was noteworthy for its intellectual and social character. Dr. Gottheil was a really extraordinary linguist, and his scholarship in this direction has been repeated by his son, who now holds the chair of Semitic Languages in Columbia University. Among other services in connection with which Dr. Gottheil's name will be remembered was that of arranging the first Jewish hymn-book with music which was printed in this country, and of representing his people at the Congress of Religions held in connection with the Chicago World's Fair. He was an interesting speaker, and has often held in close attention audiences composed of men of all races and creeds. At the funeral services Dr. Silverman paid an eloquent tribute to Dr. Gottheil's memory when he said:

> Dr. Gottheil was a reformer in every sense of the word—a reformer of creed, of ritual, of ceremonies, but pre-eminently of men. His religion was subordinated to the needs of men. He loved men better in their working clothes than in holiday attire, and preferred a religion that smelled of the shop, the counting-room, the factory; a faith that could be used as a working tool wherewith to smooth off the rough edges of human nature, to curb the impassioned spirit, to check the turbulent lust, to reverse the whole trend of men's evil ways. Dr. Gottheil believed in a progressive Judaism. He believed and taught a Judaism that vibrated with the life of the present day, that was abreast of modern science and philosophy.

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Dr. Gottheil was a Zionist, an ardent lover of Palestine, with all its cherished memorials. He voiced the sentiments of many thousands who believed like himself that Israel must prove its strength before the world and demonstrate its ability to govern itself. He was a Zionist, but still an American. He was a fervent Jew, yet cosmopolitan. He was an ardent defender of his faith, yet ever ready to recognize the good in other faiths.

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Dean Robbins The General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in this city is governed by an unusually large body of trustees, which includes those Bishops of the Church who officially accept the trusteeship, and fifty other persons, one-half elected by the House of Deputies of the General Convention and one-half by certain dioceses. The late Dean Hoffman, by his unusual executive ability and his great personal gifts, housed the Seminary in a very admirable and impressive way; but there has been a widespread feeling that the work in some departments of the Seminary was lacking in freshness and force, and that it had a priestly rather than prophetic stamp. Great interest was therefore attached to the election of a Dean in succession to Dr. Hoffman; and a number of names of prominent clergymen have been before the trustees. On Thursday of last week the matter was settled by the election, on the second ballot, of the Rev. Dr. Wilford L. Robbins, Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, in Albany. Dean Robbins is a Bostonian by birth, received his college education at Amherst, graduating from that institution in the class of 1881, and studied theology in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. He was ordained a deacon in 1884, and advanced to the priesthood in the following year. From 1884 to 1887 he was rector in Lexington, Mass., and in 1887 he was called to the position of Dean of All Saints' Cathedral in Albany, where he has shown marked executive and pulpit ability, and has been eminently successful in interesting young men. Dean Robbins belongs with the High Churchmen in his view of the authority of the Church, and with Broad Churchmen in his theological point of view. His recent work, "A Christian Apologetic," was characterized by The Outlook as "a blending of the progressive and the conservative which characterizes some of the best minds in the present period of transition from old to new thought."

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The Blind Chaplain The death of Chaplain Milburn, at Santa Barbara, Cal., removes a National figure who for nearly two generations has endeared himself to public men from every part of the country. He was first elected chaplain to Congress in 1845, was twice re-elected to the same position in the fifties, was chaplain of the House without interruption from 1885 to 1893, and since that date had been without interruption chaplain of the Senate. Last December, because of failing health, he sent in his resignation, but it was never acted upon. He was born in Philadelphia eighty years ago, at the age of five met with the accident which nearly blinded him at once and which twenty years later completely destroyed his sight; and at the age of twenty, having pursued his studies with extreme difficulty, entered the Methodist ministry in Illinois, taking a circuit which required him to ride two hundred miles a month. A natural orator, he soon made his personal power felt. It was not, however, his eloquence alone which caused his election as chaplain of Congress at the age of twenty-two, but a characteristic bit of courage. He was invited to preach to a group of Congressmen whom he met on a journey, and, accepting the invitation, delivered a ringing rebuke to them for their gambling, drinking, and profanity. Instead of being offended by his readiness to preach what he thought they needed to hear, they admired his courage, and rewarded it by getting Congress to elect him its chaplain. The incident has its moral for these days also, as the power of innumerable pulpits is weakened by efforts to please hearers instead of to stir their consciences. There are innumerable seemingly worldly men who instinctively indorse the recent remark of one of their number: "It is a poor sermon that doesn't hit me somewhere." Shortly after Mr. Milburn's first term as chaplain of Congress, while serving as the pastor of a church in Mobile, he was tried for heresy, and, though acquitted, he left the Methodist ministry for a time, taking orders in the Episcopal Church. A few

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years later he returned to Methodism. He was popular in the lecture field and was the writer of several books upon pioneer life and religious work in what is now the Middle West.

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Vacation Camps The Camp Conference held in Boston last week was divided as to the purpose of the summer vacation. Dr. C. H. Henderson advocated a rather stiff three hours a day for definite work; Dr. E. E. Hale pleaded for yet longer vacations, that the children might be brought closer to nature; while Colonel Higginson thought there ought to be a vacation from the vacation, so that there should be a chance for the exercise of that freedom which the individual boy does not get when he is held to a rigid programme the rest of the summer. During the entire discussion there was no allusion to the teachers' side. If Dr. Hale's suggestion that the vacations should be made longer should be carried out, the teachers might hail it with delight, for the best of them would spend the time in fitting themselves to do even better work than heretofore. But the experts who spoke from actual and long-continued experience in dealing with boys in summer camps were of one mind that the vacation should be made useful to the children and youth of the country. There is certainly no reason why boys, while their teachers are resting, recuperating, traveling, or studying, that they may acquire new mental and physical vigor for work in September, should not be employed under other instructors. In Germany the school-boy has about a month's vacation, with eleven months of study, and longer hours than the American children have. The result is that at corresponding ages the German lad has acquired much more Latin, Greek, or history than the Yankee boy. It is idle to suggest the adoption of that system here. It would not be tolerated, even were it by some considered desirable. But a wise occupation of the time during a larger part of the year is imperative. Vacation is a dangerous time for city boys especially, but for country boys as well, unless they have employment. Camp life is one of the best ways of meeting this difficulty. There must be as many different kinds of camps as there are demands. For the little folks they may be mixed, boys and girls, with a sprinkling of adults to guide and teach and mother them. Nature studies are peculiarly adapted to such children up to the age of twelve or fourteen. From fourteen to sixteen, botany, entomology, and bird study are very alluring under the proper teachers. Boys of the next stage, if they are behind in fitting for college and must make up their work in summer, should go off into tutorial camps by themselves. It is a mistake to divide the same camp into groups of boys who are making up work and those who are free from such terrors. They chafe one another. It is a pity, indeed, to drive any boy to extra-academic work in summer. The studies taken up then should be those that round out the ordinary school curriculum. There may be art talks and singing lessons and French conversation, good reading, not to help a boy to get through that nightmare of school life, the "midyear" or the "final," but things that make life more beautiful and the individual more attractive. Above all, the physical side should have its training. Analytical geometry may be taught in camp so that a boy will learn to love it, as Professor Hollis maintained at one session; but of much more importance to the average boy is it that he shall learn to walk, to run, to row, to swim, and to make himself a cheerful and useful member of a camp. No vacation is long enough that does not afford time for these things. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that every summer more and more camps are opened for lads who have never before had any good of a vacation.

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Mothers of Churches The function of Sunday-schools as mothers of churches in missionary fields is strikingly apparent in the report of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society for the past year. Of the one hundred and thirty-one new churches reported in the Congregational Year-Book for 1902, over forty-six per cent. of the whole number had their beginnings in Sunday-schools planted by the superintendents or missionaries of that society. Its schools are organized mostly in places

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entirely destitute of Christian institutions; comparatively few in large towns and cities where room appears for more. Special care is taken not to intrude on ground occupied by other religious bodies. This work of patriotic as well as religious concern is carried on in forty States, but the most pressing demand for its increase, limited only by the lack of means, comes from the Northwest and Southwest. The Society favors the old device of "circuit-riders," giving a county or two in charge to one man, as desirable in many regions. The profits of the publishing and book-selling business of the Society, which for the last year have been the largest in its record, contribute to its missionary work, for which comparatively little is given by the Congregational churches. Forty per cent. of the entire contributions of the year came from the offerings on Children's Day—nearly twenty-three thousand dollars. The religious pioneer work done by this and similar societies of other denominations is of inestimable value, and deserves liberal support. It may also be said that the Sunday-school literature supplied by the Congregational Society is of unsurpassed excellence.

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A National Problem

What we call the race problem is a National problem. The acts which imposed it upon us were National acts. The responsibility for it is a National responsibility. It must be assumed as a National obligation. It must be solved by National co-operation.

I. The responsibility for the race problem is a National responsibility. North and South co-operated in bringing the African race to this country. The negroes did not come, as other immigrants have come, of their own free will. They were not, like the North American Indians, found here on our arrival. They were not imported by the Southern colonies against the will and protest of the Northern. The whole community, North and South, united in the slave trade. And the African race grew in numbers in the South, and the social and industrial fabric was revolutionized by their presence, partly because of climate, partly because of agricultural and industrial conditions, partly for political reasons, only in a very minor degree because the moral sense of the two communities was different.

The original secessionists—that is, the abolitionists of the North—demanded that the Northern States withdraw from the Union, and so from all responsibility for the slave. "No union with slaveholders," was the fundamental plank of the Garrison abolitionists. The conscience of the North said, No! It is true that this conscience was reinforced by the commercial interests and still more by the National pride and patriotism. But all these—conscience, interest, patriotism—united to say to the Garrison abolitionists, We will not dissolve the Union, and so escape from our share of responsibility for slavery. It belongs to the Nation, and in the Nation we will stay until we can find a way first to limit and eventually to destroy slavery altogether. Then the secondary secessionists—those of the South—said: We of the South and you of the North cannot agree as to what should be done with this African race. You want to free him; we want to keep him a slave. You want to educate him; we believe that education will unfit him for the place for which nature intended him. You believe that he is a man and a brother; we believe that he is but a higher animal, fitted only to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Let us separate. We will establish a new empire whose corner-stone shall be slavery. Let us go in peace, and we will take the entire responsibility for this African race. And we of the North replied: We will not let you go; we will not consent that you take the responsibility; it is ours as well as yours; in the sight of God and of humanity we are our brother's keeper. The obligation is ours, and we neither can nor will be rid of it. For four years we fought to retain the right and power to determine what should be the destiny of this African race. We won. We had our way. We emancipated the negro in spite of protest and heroic resistance by our Southern fellow-citizens; we gave him the suffrage in spite of the protests of a no longer resisting South. We cannot now escape the consequences of our own acts. He is our problem—the problem of New York as truly as of Louisiana, of New England as truly as of the Black

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Belt. Appomattox Court-House established our authority to deal with the race problem of the United States. But authority always carries with it responsibility. We insisted on the authority; we cannot now escape the obligation.

II. As the race problem is a National problem, so it must be solved by National co-operation, Southerner and Northerner sharing the responsibility and co-operating to the desired result. We cannot force our ideas as to the best method of dealing with this problem by Force Bills and United States marshals. The sword can strike the manacle from a slave; the sword cannot make a man of him. Nor can we impose our ideas on the South by an aggressive moral propaganda. The South is not missionary ground. We of the North are not to go there in a "I am holier than thou spirit," to convert them to our ideal of brotherhood; nor in a "I am wiser than thou spirit," to teach them how to solve the race problem. The problem is our problem, but it is also theirs. We are to assume that they are at least as eager to solve it as we are, that they understand it at least as well as we do; that their patriotism is not less real, their philanthropy is not less genuine. No doubt the South can learn something from the North on this subject. It is even more certain that the North can learn something from the South.

Never did a people more nobly attest their readiness to adapt themselves to new conditions, never did a people show more heroism in building a new civilization on the ruins of an old industrial order, than the South has done. And until recently the North has given to its Southern brethren but scant honor for its honorable course. The South has opened the way for the landless negro to buy land. It has paid out of its poverty millions in school taxes for the negroes' education. It has set an example to Northern prejudice by the extent to which it has opened the door of various honorable vocations to the negro. It patiently submitted to the experiment imposed upon it, against its will, of universal suffrage, until the conditions which that suffrage involved became intolerable to white and black alike. Against the splendid history of its open mind and ready co-operation in bringing in the new day, the episodes of cruel lynchings appear as an evidence what popular prejudice in the white and what vice and brutality in the blacks had to be overcome in order to the progress already made. Not by a spirit of suspicion and sectional antagonism, not by fanning into new flames the still smoldering embers of the Civil War, not by insisting that we care for the negro and the Southern white man does not, shall we solve or approach a solution of the race problem. Pharisaism never converted a single individual; it will not transform a community nor elevate a race. It will be solved only as Northern and Southern philanthropists and patriots unite, in a spirit of mutual confidence and good will, in the one great purpose to solve the race problem, by the only method by which it can be solved—the education and elevation of the feebler and less developed race, by every practicable method and to the largest possible degree.

This is not a lately born conviction. At the end of the war the present editor-in-chief of The Outlook resigned his pastorate to give himself, in company with other and able men in the North, to the work of aiding the South to rehabilitate itself, and especially to initiate that system of public-school instruction which history has demonstrated to be the basis of every successful system of self-government. A little later The Outlook, then The Christian Union, urged the policy of National aid to public education in the Southern States, a policy approved by Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, but defeated, partly by popular prejudice, partly by a causeless fear of centralization. We believed then and we believe now that such a policy was both wise and just. That issue has passed; we do not seek here to revive it. But the principle of National responsibility and National co-operation in the education of the negro we reaffirm. We lay on the North the duty of co-operation with the South in this work, not merely as an act of charity to a feeble and imperfectly developed race; not merely as an act of generosity toward a still impoverished section of a common country; not merely as an act of missionary service called for by Christian loyalty; not merely as an act of patriotism seeking to serve the highest ends in the Nation by the highest means; but as an act of justice, in curing an evil which the North

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has helped to cause and in completing a work which the North has insisted that it was its duty to commence.

The St. Louis Fair

The three Expositions held in this country have celebrated in a very impressive way events of the greatest historical significance in the New World, and have exerted the most definite and beneficial educational influence. The Philadelphia Fair commemorated a century of independent life as a nation, and taught the whole country, by the beauty and completeness of its exhibits, the much-needed lesson of combining utility and art. It was the beginning of a movement, partly educational and partly artistic, which has been of the highest moment in the life of the American people. The Chicago Fair commemorated four centuries of European life in the New World; and by the breadth and nobility of its architectural design and lines, combined with the extraordinary beauty of its landscape features, was a revelation to hundreds of thousands of people of what could be done to reinforce nature with art. The Fair at Buffalo commemorated the development of industrial and artistic life in the New World at the hands of many races; and in its architecture suggested the composite richness of racial activity and achievement on this side the ocean.

The Fair which will be dedicated at St. Louis on Thursday of next week will commemorate the acquisition of that great section of country, now become an interior empire, which was known as the Louisiana Purchase; a vast territory, of which St. Louis is the natural capital, the products of which have never yet been adequately brought together and arranged. The great Southwest will find its opportunity at St. Louis, as the Central West found its opportunity at Chicago.

It is interesting to note the progression of these fairs. At Philadelphia it was the Old World which furnished the most striking exhibits; and the chief function of that fair was to reveal to the New World the superiority, in fineness of fiber and design, of many Old World products. At Chicago it was the Central West that was seen in a magnificent exhibition for the inspection of the whole world, for the first time giving an adequate impression of American development along many lines. At St. Louis the Southwest will find its opportunity, and the rest of the country will have a chance to form the acquaintance of a section with the most picturesque and dramatic history, in which great communities are rapidly growing, and which is destined to exercise a notable influence in the history of the country and the making of the American people of the future. The Louisiana Purchase will remind us that the Latin races are not without permanent witnesses of their influence on this continent. It will recall the heroic story of the penetration of the continent by French explorers, soldiers, priests, and traders, who entered it by the St. Lawrence River, traversed the wilderness between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River, and passed down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, leaving at Quebec, at Detroit, at St. Louis, and at other points groups of settlers whose descendants are among the foremost citizens in those communities, and leaving also a tradition of good breeding, a touch of sentiment and love of the beautiful, which are sorely needed in our Anglo-Saxon civilization. The St. Louis Fair will recall the vigor of the French and Spanish discoverers, explorers, priests, and traders, who, at the Far North and the Far South, have left a record of adventure rich in all the elements of romance.

It is too soon to describe in detail the characteristic features of the St. Louis Fair, but in several respects it will reveal marked individuality. Its landscape setting will differ from that of its predecessors. Instead of being placed on a level plain, there will be two groups of hills bordering the plateau on which the principal buildings will be set. From the principal gateway there will be an avenue of magnificent proportions leading to the Palace of Art, which will be on an elevated site with a grove of pine-trees as a background. On the hill at the west of the grounds will stand the administration building, the agricultural buildings, and other structures of lesser importance. The color scheme will be a soft shade of white.

The constructive idea, so to speak, of

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the whole Exposition will be to exhibit, not products, but processes; in other words, to show methods of production in operation. Various industries will exhibit their work precisely as it is carried on in factories. A ribbon manufacturer, for instance, proposes to set up a working ribbon-loom and to carry on the entire process of manufacturing precisely as it is done in his own factory. In the same way a newspaper and magazine will be set up, printed, bound, and distributed, not simply as experimental or souvenir work, but in the regular course of business. A complete agricultural experiment station and weather bureau will be in operation, which will conduct experiments precisely as they are conducted at regular stations, and in which the work will be conducted by professors and students from different agricultural colleges. There will also be a life-saving station, with complete apparatus and crew, where the drill will be carried on every day and illustrations given of all the uses of the lifeboat in all possible emergencies. To hundreds of thousands of people living in the very heart of the continent, and who have never seen the sea, the interest of such an exposition will be very great. Educational processes will also be illustrated by a school for mutes, a school for the blind, and a manual-training school. Every endeavor will be made, in a word, to make plain to the eye the processes by which many of the most important kinds of work in the country are carried forward. This will be the keynote of the Exposition, and will render it memorable and unique among all World's Fairs.

By a very happy prevision, the work done for the World's Fair is to inure to the permanent benefit of Washington University. All the permanent buildings in use at the Exposition will be planned for their ultimate adaptation to the uses of the University. The temporary use of the buildings and grounds now occupied by the University has been secured, and the officers of the Exposition will be housed in these buildings before and during the Fair. At the close of the Fair three or four fine structures of a permanent character will be handed over to the University.

The Exposition will take an important step in the right direction by exhibiting the work of women with the work of men in the same lines. There will be no distinctive Women's Building. Women architects and women sculptors are to be represented in the construction of the buildings of the Exposition, and the work of women will be placed, as it ought to be, beside the work of men.

The country will be interested in the announcement that every effort will be made to make the Midway amusing and entertaining, and at the same time to keep out of it those offensive and revolting forms of immorality which have disgraced the World's Fairs of the last twenty years. A decent Midway would be a novelty which would give the St. Louis Fair distinction; and it is very much to be hoped that the endeavor to provide amusement without indecency may succeed.

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Mediævalism Not the Gospel

Persons of nearly all shades of belief in the immortality of the human soul agree in a hope that it is a fact. How is it possible for any one thus to hope if he either believes in hell, or if he is not absolutely certain that there is no such place for any one? I cannot understand how any judicial mind can hold that the New Testament writers did not believe in a hell of a pretty orthodox type. Christ's own sayings bristle with references which can hardly be taken otherwise. With a little ingenuity they may be explained away separately, but hardly when taken in conjunction. The statements of the Apocalypse are vividly graphic, but that book does not seem to carry much weight in these days, and if we waive all but the words of Jesus on earth we shall have plenty to consider. While, on the whole, we may incline to some one of the softer eschatological theories, how can we deny the substantial possibility that his assertions mean what they seem to mean? Does not this contingency logically necessitate a feeling of frantic desperation?

E. P. B.

The doctrine that any of God's creatures are reserved for a life of endless sin and suffering was imported into the New Testament in the Middle Ages. It belongs to a doctrine of punishment which was in that epoch equally adopted by Church and State. That doctrine is, in brief, that the object of punishment is to deter men from wrong-doing, by connecting wrong-doing with suffering, and so making men afraid to do wrong. Very naturally, it was supposed that the greater the suffering

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the greater would be the deterrent effect of the punishment. So the State flayed men alive, boiled them in oil, disemboweled them, and broke them on the wheel, for disobeying the laws of the State; and the Church burned them at the stake for disobeying the laws of the Church, and taught that the burning would continue after death at the hands of God.

Christ's treatment of sin and its cure was radically different. He treated sin as a disease; and he taught that the virtuous should endeavor to cure it: "They that are sick," he said, "need a physician." He did not propose to leave men sinful and prevent them from sinning by inciting in them a fear of the consequences; he proposed to change their character, so that they would spontaneously live virtuously: "Make the tree good," he said, "and his fruit good." The creative forces on which he relied were faith, or an awakened appreciation of virtue, and hope, or an inspiring expectation that the virtue thus appreciated could be realized, and love, or trust and confidence in a Father who not only demanded virtue of his children, but helped them by his spirit and presence to be virtuous. He never threatened; he warned. A magistrate threatens; a physician warns. He told men that certain causes led, naturally and necessarily, down to death; as a physician warns a patient that persistence in the violation of laws of health will end in death. But the burden of his teaching was faith and hope and love. He called it, therefore, and his disciples called it, the Glad Tidings. "The Glad Tidings," said Paul, "are the power of God unto salvation." It is difficult to understand how any one ever supposed that he, whose whole teaching concerning the nature, consequences, and cure of sin was summed up in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, taught that the Father had provided a lake of fire in which his sinful children would burn forever; or that he taught the more modern but even more awful doctrine that the Father will keep alive his sinful children forever in a sinfulness ever growing more and more degrading, and in a remorse ever growing more and more poignant. Such a doctrine directly contradicts the whole scope and spirit of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. The one teaching is founded on the deterrent power of fear to make sinful men abstain from doing sinful things; the other teaching is founded on the inspiring power of faith and hope and love to change sinful men into men full of goodness.

This general character of the teachings of Jesus Christ is not to be set aside by reason of certain specific utterances, to some of which certainly, if not to all, an interpretation has been given which it is quite clear they do not justly bear. An instance of this is afforded by Christ's use of the terms hell and hell fire. To the modern reader these phrases call up a mediæval picture of torment; but it is absolutely certain that to the hearers of Jesus Christ they called up a very different picture. Hell is Gehenna; hell fire the fire burning in Gehenna. Gehenna was a valley outside Jerusalem, to which the offal of the city was carried to be thrown upon a fire always kept burning there that the offal might be destroyed. It was the ancient analogue of the modern sewer. When Christ says to the Pharisees, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" what he really said was, "How can ye escape the condemnation of Gehenna?"—that is, if you keep on in your present course, how can you escape being cast out as the offal of God's universe to be destroyed? It is parallel to that other saying of his, If the salt have lost his savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Except in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, fire, as Christ uses it, is a symbol of destruction, never of torment; and in that parable Christ uses the common pictures of his time, not to teach the nature of the future life, but to teach that the judgment of God is based, not on conventional standards—as of creed, ritual, or race—but on a practical standard of righteousness.

Mediævalism destroys the Gospel. There is no good news in the message that a large part of the human race has been created to live in sin and suffering forever. The good news is that there is a power in the world by which the sick may be made well, the sinful may be made virtuous, the exiles from home may return to their Father, their home, and their own true selves.

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The Spectator

It is a sad fact, but one upon which all mankind are agreed, that troubles never come singly. The Spectator happened to be down upon the Susquehanna River in shad-fishing time last spring, and heard the fisherman lament the fact that just when the Beef Trust had furnished a fine opening for shad, the fish hung back unaccountably, and refused to fill it. Such a poor season had seldom been known upon the Delaware and the Susquehanna; the fishermen suffered, the public suffered, and still the shad refused to run in anything like the usual numbers. Time was when the second or principal run of shad in the spring used to bring something like two million shad into the Delaware, and ten thousand have been taken in one haul of the seine. Nowadays a catch of five hundred is good, and one of a thousand is phenomenal. But last year the Spectator saw great nets hauled in with but half a dozen or so of silvery fish in them. Prices were up to a high notch, it is true; but, as it is estimated that each day's lowering of the nets costs a hundred dollars, a few forty-cent fish could not reimburse the fishermen, and gloom hung like a pall over the wide reaches of the Susquehanna.

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The Spectator found shad-fishing very different from what he had supposed. He had thought of a race of hardy fishermen, such as he saw a few years back upon the bars of the Columbia, where a man catches salmon as his father did before him. But the Susquehanna fisher is like the Delaware peach-pluck—a genus painfully akin to the tramp, appearing in numbers in the season, working for a daily wage, and vanishing into space by way of the freight train when the shad cease to run. The man who employs them, even, is not a fisherman by trade. He is often a farmer, who has saved a little money, and hopes to double it by lucky catches. Alone, or in combination with others, he secures a shad-float—a great wooden raft large enough to contain quarters for perhaps fifty men, with salting-vats, packing-sheds, and a steam-engine. This float is moored out in main stream, by the side of a channel which the shad are known to use. The channel is carefully cleared beforehand of drift-logs, snags, and anything and everything that may tear the nets. The Spectator was told that, as this preparation is arduous and expensive, it gives the fisherman who clears the channel a proprietary right in it as long as he chooses to fish it.

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The shad-fisher gathers up his men from the roving tide brought by the first spring days. The earliest run of shad begins about the middle of March, but this advance guard is small in numbers and poor in quality, consisting mainly of the despised "hickory shad," concerning which the fishermen have an irreverent legend that at the creation there were a great many small bones left over, and that the hickory shad was made in order to use them up. Some days after these pioneers pass up the river, the second or main run begins in earnest, and lasts three or four weeks. The third run is small in number but good in quality, and lasts into June. The men are kept busy enough in a good season, and their lot is not a luxurious one. They are a rough set, and the accommodations are as rough as they. Wooden bunks, without a sign of mattress or pillow, tin plates and cups, and whatever rude fare the one who is chosen as cook sees fit to prepare—these are the portion of the shad-fisher. The Spectator cannot say that the men looked above their surroundings. Some were gray-headed, some young; few appeared to be of foreign birth. They were not a prepossessing lot, and it seemed rather a blessing to society at large to have them safely moored out in midstream, for a few weeks at any rate. The floats are not near together, but usually two or three miles apart, wherever a suitable channel is found.

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The shad has fixed habits, much to his disadvantage. At certain times of the day and states of the tide he passes up these particular waterways, and the fisherman lies in wait for him. At a given signal, the "laying-out" boat, with the seine piled up in its stern, moved off across the river, paying out the huge folds of the net as it went, until the barrier

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of stout meshes stretched in a straight line from the float far out across the channel. Then, sharply, the bow of the seine-boat turned, and the oarsmen, aided by the current, carried their end of the net around the segment of a circle of which the corner of the float was the center. Back they rowed, slowly inclosing the fish, which, at any of the early stages of the proceeding, could have easily escaped by turning and swimming downstream. This, however, the shad can be counted on not to do. He will try to poke through the meshes of the net and escape upstream, but, unlike the proverbial worm, he will not turn in any event. Thus the seine was brought, without losing a fish, to the other end of the sloping platform, and made fast; and soon the steam-winch, in a most prosaic way, began hauling it in, the men wading out on the inclined plane to guide things smoothly and permit no escape under the bottom of the net.

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The Spectator thrilled with as much excitement as any one to see the great bag of dripping meshes come up; but, alas! it held only seven shad, and barely a half-barrel of herring. The cast had failed; it was not a lucky throw this time. It was the last catch of the season, too, for that float; and the men had hoped for better luck to end with. The farmer who employed them, looking down at the empty net, seemed almost ready to burst into tears. It was really a pathetic scene —for fishers as well as shad.

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The men set to work at once upon the herring, much in the way that Kipling describes so vividly in "Captains Courageous"—slitting, cleaning, salting, and throwing them into the barrels. The herring may be called the consolation prize of the shad-fisher. Indeed, they often pay better than the shad. A hundred barrels are sometimes caught at one throw of the net, and they keep the venture from being a total loss. They made the float, however, anything but a pleasant spot, for they flavored it from end to end. Whatever romance may elsewhere cling about the gentle sport, even Izaak Walton could not have stood a shad-fishing float long, the Spectator is assured. And what would the Compleat Angler have thought of using a steam-winch? It is as bad as the fish-wheels of the Columbia, which scoop the salmon up mechanically by the hundred, and make fishing as prosaic as carpet-beating.

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The Spectator visited two other floats, further up the river, and found the same conditions, but more cheerfulness, born of better fortune. At the third float the men were just hauling in a good catch of shining shad. Two hundred and seventy-three were in the seine, besides many barrels of herring. Shad were selling, on the river, at from twenty-five to forty cents apiece, which meant perhaps ninety dollars for the catch, and the herring added materially to this. It costs about one hundred dollars a day to keep up each float, and not more than three or four casts of the net can be made in a day, the Spectator was told. The business, therefore, is a lottery—in which, perhaps, part of its perennial attraction lies.

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The shad were not treated in the same cavalier manner as the herring. A boat was launched at once, and off the glittering beauties went, at the top speed of the rowers, to make the next train from Havre de Gras, and reach the city markets before the gleam had fairly faded from their scales. Even the fishing-float cannot mar the poetic freshness of the shad. The Spectator has never been particularly partial to herring, and his visit to the Susquehanna has made him less so than ever. But the shad remains as alluring as of old. The broad silver tide of the river, the spring green of its low banks, the breeze that rippled the water under the cloudless blue sky, are memories that cling round his gleaming form. What if he is taken with a steam-winch? Izaak Walton would have loved him none the less for it, after having once tasted him planked. What if he is "as full of bones as Westminster Abbey"? Nobody objects to Westminster Abbey for that—or to the shad, either. Long may the Susquehanna farmer continue to invest his little all in the shad-fisheries!

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THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter VI.—The 'Lunge

"Do you know the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting?"

DICK and I traveled in a fifteen-foot wooden canoe, with grub, duffel, tent, and Deuce, the black-and-white setter dog. As a consequence we were pretty well down toward the water line, for we had not realized that a wooden canoe would carry so little weight for its length in comparison with a birch-bark. A good heavy sea we could ride—with proper management and a little bailing; but sloppy waves kept us busy.

Deuce did not like it at all. He was a dog old in the wisdom of experience. It had taken him just twenty minutes to learn all about canoes. After a single tentative trial he jumped lightly to the very center of his place, with the lithe caution of a cat. Then, if the water happened to be smooth, he would sit gravely on his haunches, or would rest his chin on the gunwale to contemplate the passing landscape. But in rough weather he crouched directly over the keel, his nose between his paws, and tried not to dodge when the cold water dashed in on him. Deuce was a true woodsman in that respect. Discomfort he always bore with equanimity, and he must often have been very cold and very cramped.

For just over a week we had been traveling in open water, and the elements had not been kind to us at all. We had crept up under rock-cliff points; had weathered the rips of white water to shelter on the other side; had struggled across open spaces where each wave was singly a problem to fail in whose solution meant instant swamping; had bailed, and schemed, and figured, and carried, and sworn, and tried again, and succeeded with about two cupfuls to spare, until we as well as Deuce had grown a little tired of it. For the lust of travel was on us.

The lust of travel is a very real disease. It usually takes you when you have made up your mind that there is no hurry. Its predisposing cause is a chart or map, and its main symptom is the feverish delight with which you check off the landmarks of your journey. A fair wind of some force is absolutely fatal. With that at your back you cannot stop. Good fishing, fine scenery, interesting bays, reputed game, even camps where friends might be visited—all pass swiftly astern. Hardly do you pause for lunch at noon. The mad joy of putting country behind you eats all other interests. You recover only when you have come to your journey's end a week too early, and must then search out new voyages to fill in the time.

All this morning we had been bucking a strong north wind. Fortunately, the shelter of a string of islands had given us smooth water enough, but the heavy gusts sometimes stopped us as effectively as though we had butted solid land. Now about noon we came to the last island, and looked out on a five-mile stretch of tumbling seas. We landed the canoe and mounted a high rock.

"Can't make it like this," said I. "I'll take the outfit over and land it, and come back for you and the dog. Let's see that chart."

We hid behind the rock and spread out the map.

"Four miles," measured Dick. "It's going to be a terror."

We looked at each other vaguely, suddenly tired.

"We can't camp here—at this time of day," objected Dick, to our unspoken thoughts.

And then the map gave him an inspiration. "Here's a little river," ruminated Dick, "that goes to a little lake, and then there's another little river that flows from the lake, and comes out about ten miles above here."

"It's a good thirty miles," I objected.

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"What of it?" asked Dick, calmly.

So the fever-lust of travel broke. We turned to the right behind the last island, searched out the reed-grown opening to the stream, and paddled serenely and philosophically against the current. Deuce sat up and yawned with a mighty satisfaction.

We had been bending our heads to the demon of wind; our ears had been filled with his shoutings, our eyes blinded with tears, our breath caught away from us, our muscles strung to the fiercest endeavor. Suddenly we found ourselves between the ranks of tall forest trees, bathed in a warm sunlight, gliding like a feather from one grassy bend to another of the laziest little stream that ever hesitated as to which way the grasses of its bed should float. As for the wind, it was lost somewhere away up high, where we could hear it muttering to itself about something.

The woods leaned over the fringe of bushes cool and green and silent. Occasionally through tiny openings we caught instant impressions of straight column-trunks and transparent shadows. Miniature grass marshes jutted out from the bends of the little river. We idled along as with a homely rustic companion through the aloofness of patrician multitudes.

Every bend offered us charming surprises. Sometimes a muskrat swam hastily in a pointed furrow of ripple; vanishing wings, barely sensed in the flash, left us staring; stealthy withdrawals of creatures whose presence we realized only in the fact of those withdrawals snared our eager interest; porcupines rattled and rustled importantly and regally from the water's edge to the woods; herons, ravens, an occasional duck, croaked away at our approach; thrice we surprised eagles, once a tassel-eared Canada lynx. Or, if all else lacked, we still experienced the little thrill of pleased novelty over the disclosure of a group of silvery birches on a knoll; a magnificent white pine towering over the beech and maple forest; the unexpected aisle of a long, straight stretch of the little river.

Deuce approved thoroughly. He stretched himself and yawned and shook off the water, and glanced at me open-mouthed with doggy good-nature, and set himself to acquiring a conscientious olfactory knowledge of both banks of the river. I do not doubt he knew a great deal more about it than we did. Porcupines aroused his especial enthusiasm. Incidentally, two days later he returned to camp after an expedition of his own, bristling as to the face with that animal's barbed weapons. Thenceforward his interest waned.

We ascended the charming little river two or three miles. At a sharp bend to the east a huge sheet of rock sloped directly down into a pool and up to a round grass knoll sparsely planted with birches. Two or three tree-trunks jammed directly opposite had formed a sort of half dam under which the water lay dark. A tiny grass meadow forty feet in diameter narrowed the stream to half its width.

We landed. Dick seated himself on the shelving rock. I unjointed my fish-rod. Deuce disappeared.

Deuce always disappeared whenever we landed. With nose down, hind-quarters well tucked under him, ears flying, he quartered the forest at high speed, investigating every nook and cranny of it for the radius of a quarter of a mile. When he had quite satisfied himself that we were safe for the moment, he would return to the fire, where he would lie, six inches of pink tongue vibrating with breathlessness, beautiful in the consciousness of virtue. Dick generally sat on a rock and thought. I generally fished.

After a time Deuce returned. I gave up flies, spoons, phantom minnows, artificial frogs and crayfish. As Dick continued to sit on the rock and think, we both joined him. The sun was very warm and grateful, and I am sure we both acquired an added respect for Dick's judgment.

Just when it happened neither of us was afterwards able to decide. Perhaps Deuce knew. But suddenly, as often a figure appears in a cinematograph, the diminutive meadow thirty feet away contained two deer. They stood knee-deep in the grass, wagging their little tails in impatience of the flies.

"Look'a there!" stammered Dick aloud.

Deuce sat up on his haunches.

I started for my camera.

The deer did not seem to be in the slightest degree alarmed. They pointed four big ears in our direction, ate a few leisurely mouthfuls of grass, sauntered

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to the stream for a drink of water, wagged their little tails some more, and quietly faded into the cool shadows of the forest.

An hour later we ran out into reeds, and so to the lake. It was a pretty lake, forest-girt. Across the distance we made out a moving object which shortly resolved itself into a birch canoe. The canoe proved to contain an Indian, an Indian boy of about ten years, a black dog, and a bundle. When within a few rods of each other we ceased paddling and drifted by with the momentum. The Indian was a fine-looking man of about forty, his hair bound with a red fillet, his feet incased in silk-worked moccasins, but otherwise dressed in white men's garments. He smoked a short pipe, and contemplated us gravely.

"Bo' jou', bo' jou'," we called in the usual double-barreled North-country salutation.

"Bo' jou', bo' jou'," he replied.

"Kée-gons?" we inquired as to the fishing in the lake.

"Áh-hah," he assented.

We drifted by each other without further speech. When the decent distance of etiquette separated us, we resumed our paddles.

I produced a young cable terminated by a tremendous spoon and a solid brass snell as thick as a telegraph wire. We had laid in this formidable implement in hopes of a big muscallunge. It had been trailed for days at a time. We had become used to its vibration, which actually seemed to communicate itself to every fiber of the light canoe. Every once in a while we would stop with a jerk that would nearly snap our heads off. Then we would know we had hooked the American continent. We had become used to that also. It generally happened when we attempted a little burst of speed. So when the canoe brought up so violently that all our tinware rolled on Deuce, Dick was merely disgusted.

"There she goes again," he grumbled. "You've hooked Canada."

Canada held quiescent for about three seconds. Then it started due south.

"Suffering serpents!" shrieked Dick.

"Paddle, you sulphurated idiot!" yelled I.

It was most interesting. All I had to do was to hang on and try to stay in the boat. Dick paddled and fumed and splashed water and got more excited. Canada dragged us bodily backward.

Then Canada changed his mind and started in our direction. I was plenty busy taking in slack, so I did not notice Dick. Dick was absolutely demented. His mind automatically reacted in the direction of paddling. He paddled, blindly, frantically. Canada came surging in, his mouth open, his wicked eyes flaming, a tremendous indistinct body lashing foam. Dick glanced once over his shoulder, and let out a frantic howl.

"You've got the sea serpent!" he shrieked.

I turned to fumble for the pistol. We were headed directly for a log stranded on shore, and about ten feet from it.

"Dick!" I yelled in warning.

He thrust his paddle out forward just in time. The stout maple bent and cracked. The canoe hit with a bump that threw us forward. I returned to the young cable. It came in limp and slack.

We looked at each other sadly.

"No use," said Dick at last. "They've never invented the words, and we'd upset if we kicked the dog."

I had the end of the line in my hands.

"Look here!" I cried. That thick brass wire had been as cleanly bitten through as though it had been cut with clippers. "He must have caught sight of you," said I.

Dick lifted up his voice in lamentation. "You had four feet of him out of water," he wailed, "and there was a lot more."

"If you had kept cool," said I, severely, "we shouldn't have lost him. You don't want to get rattled in an emergency. There's no sense in it."

"What were you going to do with that?" asked Dick, pointing to where I had laid the pistol.

"I was going to shoot him in the head," I replied, with dignity. "It's the best way to land them."

Dick laughed disagreeably. I looked down. At my side lay our largest iron spoon.

We skirted the left-hand side of the lake in silence. Far out from shore the water was ruffled where the wind swept down, but with us it was as still and calm as the forest trees that looked over into it. After a time we turned short to the

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left through a very narrow passage between two marshy shores, and so, after a sharp bend of but a few hundred feet, came into the other river.

This was a wide stream, smoothly hurrying, without rapids or tumult. The forest had drawn to either side to let us pass. Here were the wilder reaches after the intimacies of the little river. Across stretches of marsh we could see an occasional great blue heron standing mid-leg deep. Long strings of ducks struggled quacking from invisible pools. The faint marsh odor saluted our nostrils from the point where the lily-pads flashed broadly, ruffling in the wind. We dropped out the smaller spoon and masterfully landed a five-pound pickerel. Even Deuce brightened. He cared nothing for raw fish, but he knew their possibilities. Towards evening we entered the hilly country, and so at the last turned to the left into a sand cove where grew maples and birches in beautiful park order under a hill. There we pitched camp, and, as the flies lacked, built a friendship-fire about which to foregather when the day was done.

Dick still vocally regretted the muscallunge as the largest fish since Jonah. So I told him of my big bear.

One day, late in the summer, I was engaged in packing some supplies along an old fur trail north of Lake Superior. I had accomplished one back-load, and with empty straps was returning to the cache for another. The trail at one point emerged into and crossed an open park some hundreds of feet in diameter, in which the grass grew to the height of the knee. When I was about half-way across, a black bear arose to his hind legs not ten feet from me and remarked *Woof!* in a loud tone of voice. Now, if a man were to say *woof* to you unexpectedly, even in the formality of an Italian garden or the accustomedness of a city street, you would be somewhat startled. So I went to camp. There I told them about the bear. I tried to be conservative in my description, because I did not wish to be accused of exaggeration. My impression of the animal was that he and a spruce-tree that grew near enough for ready comparison were approximately of the same stature. We returned to the grass park. After some difficulty we found a clear footprint. It was about the size of that made by a good-sized coon.

"So, you see," I admonished, didactically, "that 'lunge probably was not quite so large as you thought."

"It may have been a Chinese bear," said Dick, dreamily—"a Chinese lady bear, of high degree."

I gave him up.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Forsaken

By Duncan Campbell Scott

I.

ONCE in the winter,
Out on a lake
In the heart of the
north-land,
Far from the Fort
And far from the hunters,
A Chippewa woman,
With her sick baby,
Crouched in the last hours
Of a great storm.
Frozen and hungry,
She fished through the ice
With a line of the twisted
Bark of the cedar,
And a rabbit-bone hook
Polished and barbed;
Fished with the bare hook
All through the wild day,
Fished and caught nothing;
While the young chieftain
Tugged at her breasts,
Or slept in the lacings
Of the warm *tikanagan.*
All the lake-surface
Streamed with the hissing
Of millions of ice-flakes,
Hurled by the wind;
Behind her the round
Of a lonely island
Roared like a fire
With the voice of the storm
In the deeps of the cedars.
Valiant, unshaken,
She took of her own flesh,

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Baited the fish-hook,
Drew in a gray-trout,
Drew in his fellow,
Heaped them beside her,
Dead in the snow.
Valiant, unshaken,
She faced the long distance,
Wolf-haunted and lonely,
Sure of her goal
And the life of her dear one;
Tramped for two days,
On the third in the morning
Saw the strong bulk
Of the Fort by the river,
Saw the wood-smoke
Hang soft in the spruces,
Heard the keen yelp
Of the ravenous 'huskies
Fighting for whitefish:
Then she had rest.

II.

Years and years after,
When she was old and withered,
When her son was an old man
And his children filled with vigor,
They came in their northern tour on the verge of winter
To an island in a lonely lake.
There one night they camped, and on the morrow
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark,
Their rabbit-skin robes and their mink-traps,
Launched their canoes and slunk away through the islands,
Left her alone forever,
Without a word of farewell,
Because she was old and useless,
Like a paddle broken and warped,
Or a pole that was splintered.
Then, without a sigh,
Valiant, unshaken,
She smoothed her dark locks under her kerchief,
Composed her shawl in state,
Then folded her hands ridged with sinews and corded with veins,
Folded them across her breasts spent with the nourishing of children,
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the cedars,
Saw two spangled nights arise out of the twilight,
Saw two days go by filled with the tranquil sunshine,
Saw, without pain, or dread, or even a moment of longing:
Then on the third great night there came thronging and thronging
Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;
They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud,
Covered her deep and silent.
But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,
Rose a column of breath
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the sight of the sun
Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in his breast,
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,
Then she had rest.

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A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

IV.

MY intellectual trouble began with my return to the Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto. I had taken absolute rest during the six months; I had read nothing to speak of; and when I got back to Toronto I found enormous crowds waiting to hear me; the church jammed and people waiting outside. I set to, and did the best I could to preach to these people.[2] Scarcely had I commenced when I found myself confronted with a terrible difficulty. I felt as if I had already preached every single thing I knew; I had nothing new to give them. I began to read, but my reading did not fit in with what I had been preaching; I could do nothing but pray. The only thing that saved me was the conviction that, step by step, I had been honest in trying to do God's will; that each step had been taken, so far as I knew, for his glory and not for my own advancement. Night after night on my knees I said, "I am prepared to do Thy will. I cannot preach what I do not believe." It would be perfectly impossible for me to describe the struggle I went through for two years. My wife's health failed in the meantime—failed utterly; I had anxiety at home; and people came to me and said: "You are undoing the good you did before; what do you mean?" My oldest friends plead with me, "We love you, but what are you doing? You are not preaching as you used to preach!" And I knew I was not preaching as I used to preach. I had no liberty, no sense of power. There was not a man in town to help me. All I could do was to pray to God for help and light, and pledge myself again and again that I would not express an emotion that I did not feel, or preach something I did not believe to be absolutely true. I had got past the baptism question by that time; I had run up against something bigger. How could I tell men that, if they believed in Jesus Christ, they would be children of God? If they were not children of God to begin with, believing on Jesus Christ would not make them children of God. And yet—did not the Bible say they had to be born again before they were children of God? Very simple; but it came to me with appalling insistence as an unanswerable intellectual problem. I could not for the life of me believe that a man could become a child of God if he had not been antecedently a child of God. A child of God is always a child of God, whether or not he believes that God is his Father; but if God were not already his Father, believing it would not make Him his Father. That is, if God were not antecedently his Father, believing so would not make Him so. I had not a soul to speak to in my inward strife, except that I once went to Phillips Brooks for help. I went to Boston solely to see him. He was a dear friend of mine; but Phillips Brooks could not help an individual at all. What he said was: "I cannot help you; you must fight it out yourself." Very wise advice, but terribly hard for me at the time. That was the only appeal I made. I remember what was troubling me terribly then was the impossibility of believing in transferred righteousness, and Brooks had not a word to say. I suppose his big soul drew a gasp when I

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[2] The following is an extract from one of Dr. Rainsford's sermons delivered during the mission which he conducted in Toronto. It may give an idea of some of the beliefs which he held and preached at this time. This sermon is on the Second Coming of Christ. After stating what he declares to be two certitudes, that "there are two comings of Christ and two resurrections of the dead"—the first coming of Christ being for his saints only, the second coming being the great day of judgment; the first resurrection being that of the "dead in Christ," the second being that of all other men for judgment—he continues: "We don't know but that the very next soul called to Christ in Toronto may make up the great number of God's elect—His elect Bride—and just so soon as the number is made up, and the Bride has made herself ready, so soon shall this mighty shout be heard, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and shall be rapt away to meet Him in the clouds and be with the Lord forever—'and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' 'Wherefore,' says the Apostle, 'comfort one another with these words.' I want to-night, briefly, to dwell on the consequences of this first coming. The first object will be to manifest who are God's children, and who are not."—THE EDITORS.

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came to him; but all he said was, "You've got to fight it out yourself."

In the meantime, the congregation had very perceptibly fallen away; the great crowds were gone; I had to preach three times to get four hundred dollars missionary money. People did not know what to make of me; my friends would come to me and say, "Why don't you preach against dancing and the theater and worldliness as you used to? why don't you come out with your old assurance?"

No one can realize what this gradual failure in Toronto meant who has not felt the intoxication of gathering together thousands of people, the stimulus, and spiritual elation, and the joy which comes from leading and swaying a mass of people eager to hear, and the pleasure in the ties of friendship that are formed, and then seen it seemingly all go—melt away; the church get less and less crowded, collections melt away, friends look doubtfully at you, and enemies jeer. It seems all a long time ago now—but it was a searching fire then. What saved me from defeat was just this, that through it all I could and did keep saying to myself, "I must act as my heart tells me; I won't speak until I have the light, by God's help I won't." A man who has gone through that cannot be beaten. I could not exaggerate, if I spoke for a week, the effect of that experience on my life. Although I would not wish to duplicate that experience in the life of any one I loved, yet I do think an enormous gain and blessing will come to the man who is prepared to fail, at all cost to himself, rather than say what he cannot truthfully say.

I shall never forget my sense of relief when the first gleam of light came to me. It seems so simple now. Why had it not come before? I remember I had been praying late one night, and suddenly the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke came to me with new light. One of the most effective sermons I used to preach was based on that chapter; the sermon I always reserved for the end of my mission work—a dagger for the fifth rib of a man who had not given in before. And now I discovered this—a new discovery all for myself. If the son had not been his father's son before he went into the far country, he would certainly not have come back; he came back *because he was a son*. His coming back was coming to his true self. His smothered self, but his real self all the same.

I got up in the pulpit and preached that sermon all over again. He came back because he was a son; a man turned back to God because God *was* his Father; we were to live as the children of God because we *were* his children; I found new light in the things I had been repeating over and over. People began to come back to the church; collections increased; joy and peace returned to my soul.

I was worried, and still uncertain about lots of things, but I had got my feet on the Rock. I felt I had something to say once more. It was then I found Robertson—Frederick W. Robertson; he came to me like a voice from high heaven. I drank him down as a man shriveled with thirst alone can drink. I read and re-read him. I preached him. Unconsciously, almost, I began to feel how things should go. Spiritual truth was an evolution; God had spoken, but He was speaking still. I began to read Fiske; I began to get a grip on the great idea of evolution; but it was Robertson who was the messenger of God to me.

Just about when I got well on my feet again in Toronto, the call came from St. George's, New York. I then refused it. I should like to say that, during the first three years in Toronto, I had not been able to take one holiday. The people were kind to me; backed me up loyally; but there was a certain party in the church by this time who wanted me to resign. The old Dean, whose health was failing very fast, and to whom all these things came dimly as to a very old and fading man, said to me: "Mr. Rainsford, if you respect yourself, you will resign." I was torn and upset, but I felt that, before God, I could not resign. I had responsibility for these people. I had led them to a certain point, and if I were to leave them there, I had absolutely failed; I had led them nowhere. I was bound to preach nothing except what I believed. I was bound to get light from God, and so fill up the hiatus between my preaching in '78 and in '81. I had to hold on; I could not resign.

I took my sick wife and our little baby to Gloucester, and left them there by the

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sea, and took the train back to Toronto the next morning. I dared not leave; I did not know what would happen if I left. But when I began to see light and get on my feet again, I went off for a glorious holiday of nine weeks in the Rocky Mountains; and while I was away the call came from St. George's. Some one, no doubt, had heard me preach occasionally in the tent, and at intervals I spoke in some church in the States, but rarely. The St. George's people did not know anything about the condition of my church in Toronto; and if they had investigated towards the end, they would have found an immensely successful church. The outside world knew nothing of my struggles. I had not spoken of them to one single friend but Phillips Brooks, and to him I had said but little. I knew something about St. George's, having stayed with Dr. Williams, who succeeded Dr. Tyng, senior, right here in St. George's Square; and Williams had thrown up his hands in despair at the condition of affairs.

When the call came from St. George's, Mrs. Rainsford could not find me—I was off in the Rocky Mountains; but when I got home she told me about it; and I said, "I cannot take it; I cannot go anywhere; I must not leave here."

Then suddenly the Dean died. I had refused St. George's; and my way seemed perfectly plain. I had the pledge of my wardens that I should be rector, and I had the hearty support of my people. I expected, as a matter of course, to be elected rector, and I was elected rector with practical unanimity. But, some little time before, a new Bishop had been elected to the Diocese of Toronto, and he, standing for the letter of the canon, which had not been at all rigorously applied in Canada, said that he would not confirm my appointment because the vestry had not consulted him before electing me. So here was everything changed again. The people were almost unanimously for me, but the Bishop took a firm stand, and refused to confirm the appointment. Nothing could be done. The deadlock was maintained for several months, a very strong feeling being developed against the Bishop in the church. I felt that there was nothing to be gained by staying under such conditions. It was a terrible disappointment to me; I longed to stay there. My mind by this time was perfectly clear; it seemed to sprout, so to speak, in every direction; I could see things. In a few months I conceived the whole idea of what a city parish ought to be. I longed to make St. James's such a parish, and I was certain I could do it. Almost everything that I later carried out in St. George's Church was born in my mind in that year.

I believe that the seizing of a fundamental idea will change everything. I was not then entirely out of the maze, but I had the thread in my hand that led to the maze's center. The whole thing came to me with marvelous continuity; and, as I say, the whole idea of what a great city parish ought to be blossomed in my mind—a staff of young clergy being educated to teach the people; above all, helped to learn to preach; frequent services suitable to the special needs of the people. I felt that we could have jammed St. James's with thousands of people in the way people used to throng Trinity Church, New York, in Lent, when they were given a good preacher.

I did not say a word to a soul, but kept on working the thing out in my mind. No one knew about my struggles but God; there was only one man in Toronto I spoke at all freely with—Dr. J. D. McDonnell, a Presbyterian. He had his own troubles, and passed for a heretic, though I fancy no single man in Toronto wielded more influence for good in those days. He was a man who comforted and helped me.

In the midst of this deadlock came the second call from St. George's. Here I was; my life mission was broken up; the Bishop had set his teeth and would not confirm my nomination—I could see that. My friends felt bitterly about it; but I felt that the call from St. George's might be a way out. About this time I also had a call to return to England; and if it had not been for the Athanasian Creed, I might perhaps have gone; I did not believe I could repeat that creed; and, besides, I had a taste of the new wine in a new country, and I began to want to stay. I received word that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stearns would come up and talk with me, but I telegraphed back that I would come to see them. On the way down to New York I turned the situation over in my mind. Dr. Williams had told me he had been beaten; that the Roman Catholics would not even take St. George's

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as a mission; the only chance to do anything with it was to move uptown; but he also had said that there was an immense population here that the church had never touched. I knew the neighborhood a little, and by that time I had absolutely fixed in my mind that the only church worth serving was a church that served the people, not one set or class of people chiefly, and the people in the neighborhood of St. George's were the ones I had made up my mind to work for. My church in Toronto was a pew church; but the tremendous wave of religious fervor had swept the pew idea out of the people's minds altogether; that is, the spirit diffused throughout the church was so real that the people did not bother about their pews very much; so the fact of its being a pew church did not bar my way.

I want you to understand that the plans I have made and carried out here at St. George's were not suddenly formulated. Many, nearly all indeed, of the ideas came to me during my last year in Toronto.

On the train coming down I made up my mind that a few conditions were absolutely essential to success in the work at St. George's, and I determined to propose those conditions to the vestry. I had very little hope that they would agree to them. However, I also made up my mind that if they would not agree I would not accept the rectorship.

I arrived in New York, and was most kindly received. I met the vestry in Mr. Morgan's study, and they asked me to become rector of St. George's Church. I said: "I think the church has gone too far to be pulled up; I do not think I have the strength or the capacity to pull it up; but," I said, "I will undertake the work on three conditions."

"Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan; and I did:

"First, you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry; and, third, I must have $10,000 for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave to you."

"Done," said Mr. Morgan.

That which I did not expect had come to me. But it was none of my seeking.

I bowed my head and thanked God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Collegeville—A Community in Miniature

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

ON a recent evening I was present at a reception given by the officials of a city within a city. The hall was decorated with American flags; the guests were assembled; a cornet sounded; and in came some thirty or forty young men who were the hosts of the occasion—the Mayor and other officials of Collegeville, Lincoln County, N. Y. This was the last meeting for the year of a class in municipal government.

The method by which the class is conducted is picturesque and unique; it was devised by Mr. W. H. Sherman, Educational Director of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City. As a result of his wide acquaintance with young men he has become convinced that there is very little knowledge among young American citizens, as well as among the young foreigners, concerning the principles of government; that, indeed, the young man who has come from a foreign land to the United States is likely to have acquired some understanding of the principles of democratic government by reason of the very novelty of his surroundings; and that what passes for such understanding among young American citizens is usually only an acquaintance with the machinery, rather than with the principles, of democracy. He has, therefore, formed classes or clubs of young men in different branches of the Association, and, instead of giving them lectures on what is commonly considered a rather dry subject, he has trained them in establishing for themselves forms of civil government. The members of these classes are about the same age as college undergraduates. Among their number have been graduates of important American colleges.

The pre-assumption in the course un-

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dertaken by these classes is that emotional patriotism, however indispensable, is not the force that will develop intelligence in performing civic duties; but that it is interest engendered by holding property that most simply and directly leads to interest in the principles of government. It is in order to make clear the partnership that exists between property and government that the first problems presented are those involved in the ownership of property, in particular the ownership of land.

Let it be supposed, for example, that there is a club of thirty-five young men, ranging from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, among them Italians, Irish, Germans, possibly a Swede or Dane, and some natives of America. They meet in a room at the Association, and are informed that they are going to settle a township in New York as a Western township on the public domain. The map, imaginary, of the township is put before them, with its sections and quarter-sections marked out, and to each man is assigned a homestead.

As soon as these men find themselves there in fancy, they meet with some very pressing problems: Who is going to build the highways? how are they going to get across the river? Some one will have to make roads and construct bridges or establish ferries; so they meet together and organize. Thereupon is established the regular New England town meeting. This form of government is adopted because it is the simplest, most elemental, and most natural way in which democratic government appears. Some committee has to be formed, and so they select their selectmen. Highway Surveyors are chosen. There has to be a school established (a section they already find allotted by the Federal Government for the school purposes), and so a School Committee is elected. To one of the men falls the lot of being storekeeper, and after that the room in which they meet in the Association is in the second story of his store. Gradually roads are constructed, buildings put up, dogs licensed.

Up to this time they have been perfectly equal in their opportunities, but one night upon assembling they find bank-books spread about on the table, and as each man picks one of them up he finds that he has fallen heir to a sum of money—it may be five thousand dollars or a hundred thousand dollars, or some sum between the two. Hereupon suddenly these men find the new problems that arise with inequality of station and power. They have to find some way of getting at their money, and so a bank is established, each man subscribing what he feels he can afford for some share of stock in the enterprise. News is announced of the hope of a railroad, and a committee is chosen to see that the town of Collegeville, as it is called, is not overlooked in the selection of the route. Money is subscribed by each according to his means for shares in the railroad, and at last the citizens have the satisfaction of seeing the line appear on the map of their town. The section which has been voted for the benefit of the railroad is laid off in lots. The store moves up near the station.

The cluster of houses about the station is called Collegeville Center. Village life begins. A hotel is erected. This now becomes the meeting-place. Churches are organized, and funds are subscribed for their maintenance. A church organization in order to be valid must have at least three adherents. Denominational enthusiasm, mingled with considerable emulation, develops new groups among the citizens. Men owning land around the station divide their land in lots and offer it for sale. Some opportunity for speculation and investment appears in the life of the town, and new problems evolved in all this growth have to be decided in town meeting. Questions of county government are also brought up by the necessity of transferring deeds and by the general growth occasioned by the railroad. At last, one evening, as the citizens assemble, they are informed that a "boom" has struck the town and a city government must be formed.

With the alteration of Collegeville from a town to a city, the distinctive problems of municipal government as they arise in American cities begin to appear. The election of Mayor is among the first. Party politics shows its head. When party caucuses are called for, the Republicans start in one direction and the Democrats in another, and some uncertain ones waver in the middle of the room until they see where their companions go, and distribute themselves accordingly. Nominations are

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made; and then the question is asked, What is the use of having an election? They can see for themselves how the question is decided. In this concrete way they see that if all Democrats always voted as Democrats and all Republicans always as Republicans, there would never be any need of election. The power and indispensableness of the independent vote thus appear.

After that the municipal voting is for the best man, irrespective of party preference. Heads of departments are appointed. Parks are established. Questions of lighting and water supply are dealt with. As it is no longer possible for all the citizens to meet together—for Collegeville now boasts a population of two hundred thousand!—a Board of Aldermen is established. Each man finds that he is called upon to defend before the citizens his conduct of the department with which he is connected. Consequently, a Commissioner of Charities, for instance, finds that he is under the necessity of knowing something about what the experience of city governments has established as to the care of the sick, poor, and dependent portion of the population. So with the Police Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the Corporation Council, the Superintendent of Schools, and the others; each finds an especial subject of study in his own department.

The last meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association Building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street—before its final abandonment by the Association for other quarters—was the reception, to which I have referred, given on April 8, 1903, by his Honor the Mayor and the Aldermen and other officials of the city of Collegeville to a large number of invited guests. The floor of the hall was filled with desks for the various officials, and their designation indicated by placards hung above them. After an address of welcome by the Mayor, admirable speeches, marked by a real, intimate, and lively knowledge of the subjects, and with a considerable amount of wit, were made by certain of the officials selected for the occasion. The Superintendent of Schools was a young Dane who had been in this country a year or less. His command of the English language and of the real principles underlying the most enlightened methods of municipal schools was remarkable. Each of the other addresses had in its way something striking and interesting that gave it real distinction.

The impression made upon more than one guest was that these men had a practical knowledge of the subject of municipal government that could be obtained otherwise only by experience in the government of an actual and not imaginary city, and that in their intelligent understanding of the problems of city government, as well as in their ideal of what city government should be, they were more than the equals of many experienced city officials. If these men, whose interest in municipal government has been so quickened and whose enthusiasm for the subject was indubitable, keep clear the ideals that they have received in their picturesque course, it will be by no means surprising if they are heard from in the future as participating in the government of some American cities where high ideals of municipal government are sorely needed. In any event, they are certainly better able by reason of their training to perform the function of citizenship and to contribute their share to enlightened public opinion.

To the Hepatica

By May Morgan

The earth all winter sleeping lies,
Then wakes from dreams of blue
To find above her April skies,
And on her bosom—you!

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The Bohemian in America

By Edward A. Steiner

DURING the counter reformation under Ferdinand II., Austria sent her Protestants to the gallows or to America, and among the large number of those who preferred giving up their homes to their faith were many Bohemians—the best and stanchest from that historic kingdom. In Baltimore the churches they founded still stand, and a sort of Forefathers' Day is observed by their descendants, who, though they have lost the speech of their fathers, still cling to the historic date which binds them to a band of noble pioneers—close comrades in spirit to the Pilgrims of New England. Under Austrian rule Bohemia became impoverished physically, mentally, and spiritually, and after the misgovernment of Church and State had done its worst, the flood-tide of emigration set in anew toward this country.

Bohemia grew to be in the last century an industrial State, and the emigrants who came here were half-starved weavers and tailors, who naturally flocked to the large cities. In New York nearly the whole Bohemian population turned itself to the making of cigars, and the East Side, from Fiftieth to about Sixty-fifth Streets, is the center. In Cleveland, Ohio, 45,000 Bohemians live together, while Chicago boasts of a Bohemian population of over 100,000, who nearly all live in one district, which begins on Twelfth and Halstead Streets, and stretches southward almost to the stockyards, with a constant tendency to enlarge its boundary toward the better portions of the city. The large tenement-house is almost altogether absent from this locality, the little frame house of the cigar-box style being the prevailing type of dwelling, and most of the homes are owned by their tenants. This part of the city is as clean as the people can make it in a place where street-cleaning is a lost or never learned art, and the prevailing dirt is clean dirt, with here and there an inexcusable morass which offends both the eye and the nostril. The whole district is typical of Chicago rather than of Bohemia, and if it were not for the business signs in a strange and unphonetic language, and occasionally a sentence in the same queer speech, one might imagine himself anywhere among any American people of the working class; nor is there a trace of the native country in the interiors, where one finds stuffed parlor furniture, plush albums, lace curtains, ingrain carpets, and a piano or organ—all true and sure indications of American conquest over inherited foreign tastes and habits. Yet the conquest is only on the surface, for it takes more than a carpet-sweeper to wipe out the love of that language for which Bohemia has suffered untold agony, to which it has clung in spite of the pressure brought to bear upon it by a strong and autocratic government, and which it is trying to preserve in this new home in which the English language is more powerful to stop foreign speech than is the German in Austria, though backed by force of law and force of arms. With five Bohemian daily newspapers, with publishing houses printing new books each day, with preaching in the native tongue, and with societies in which Bohemian history is taught, the Czechish language will not soon disappear from the streets of Chicago; and language to the Bohemian, as, indeed, to all the Slavs, is history, religion, and life.

The Bohemian emigrant comes to us burdened by rather unenviable characteristics, which his American neighbor soon discovers, and the love between them is not great. Coming from a country which has been at war for centuries and in which to-day a fierce struggle between different nationalities is disrupting a great empire and clogging the wheels of popular government, he is apt to be quarrelsome, suspicious, jealous, clannish and yet factious; he hates quickly and long, and is unreasoning in his prejudices; yet that for which a people is hated, and which we call characteristic of race or nation, soon disappears under new environment, and the miracle which America works upon the Bohemians is more remarkable than any of our National achievements. The downcast look so characteristic of them in Prague is altogether gone, the surliness

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and unfriendliness disappear, and the young Bohemian of the second or third generation is as frank and open as his neighbor with his Anglo-Saxon heritage. I rather pride myself upon my power to detect racial and national marks of even closely related peoples, but in Chicago I was severely tested and failed. In Bethlehem Church I addressed a Bohemian audience to which I could pay this compliment, that it looked and listened like Americans; but what thousands of years have plowed into a people cannot be altogether eradicated, and the Bohemian, with all of us, carries his burden of good and evil buried in his bones. Among all our foreign population he is the most irreligious, more than two-thirds of the 100,000 in Chicago having forsaken the Roman Catholic Church and drifted into the old-fashioned infidelity of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll. Nowhere else have I heard their doctrines so boldly preached or seen their conclusions so readily accepted, and I have it on the authority of Mr. Geringer, the editor of the "Svornost," that there are in Chicago alone three hundred Bohemian societies which teach infidelity, which carry on active propaganda for their unbelief, and also maintain Sunday-schools in which the attendance ranges from thirty to three thousand. One of the most painful and pathetic sights is this attempt to crush God out of the child nature by means of an infidel catechism, the nature of whose teaching is shown by one of the first questions: "What duty do we owe to God?" The answer is, "Inasmuch as there is no God, we owe him no duty."

Mr. Geringer is one of the leaders in this movement, and his paper, in common with two others, pursues this same course and daily preaches its destructive creed. Calling at the office of the "Svornost," I found Mr. Geringer, a Bohemian of the second generation, frank and open in acknowledging his leadership and the tendency of his paper, although he was less extreme than the statements about him by priests and preachers had led me to suppose. He certainly was much more willing to talk about his people than were the priests upon whom I had called, and I found that his views have not been without change in the fifteen years since I last read his paper. "We are fighting Catholicism rather than religion," he said; and I added, "A Catholicism in Austria, with its back toward the throne and its face toward the Austrian eagle;" to which he replied, "You have hit the nail on the head."

In reality, this hatred extends unreasonably to all religion, and among the less educated it amounts to a fanaticism which does not stop short of persecution and personal abuse. Blasphemous expressions and old musty arguments against the Bible are the common topics of conversation among many Bohemian workingmen who hate the sight of a priest, never enter a church, and are thoroughly eaten through by infidelity. They read infidel books about which they argue during the working hour, and the influence of Robert Ingersoll is nowhere more felt than among them. His "Mistakes of Moses" has taken the place of the usual newspaper story, and the editorials are charged by hatred toward the Church and toward Christianity as a whole. The unusual number of suicides among the Bohemians is said to be due to the fact that their secret societies encourage suicide. The books published in Chicago are of a rather low type, and among them are many whose sole purpose it is to vilify the Church. This I felt to be true, that an unusually coarse materialism pervades Chicago's Bohemian colony; and Professor Massarik, of the University of Prague, who lectured this summer at the University of Chicago, makes this the chief note of his complaint against them. They have singing and Turner societies after the manner of the Germans, but the ideals they foster are really the causes of their materialism and infidelity. The Roman Catholic Church is fighting that spirit by maintaining strong parochial schools, encouraging the organization of lodges under its protection, and it now publishes a daily paper, the success of which I could not judge, although the reports I have from various sources are not flattering. The Protestants cannot boast of more than one per cent. of members among them, and the three small churches in Chicago are but vaguely felt and are practically no factors in the life of this large population. "We don't know that they are here," said one of the infidel leaders, and the Catholics take no notice of them at all. A little paper,

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"Pravda," published by Dr. George T. Adams, the pastor of one of these churches, had to be given up on account of lack of means.

Chicago is as much a Bohemian center for America as is Prague for the old Bohemia, and the type of thought found there is duplicated in all the Bohemian centers that I visited; everywhere there is a battle between free thought and Catholicism, and many a household is divided between the "Svornost" and the "Catholic," yet I have good reason to believe that this infidelity is only a desire for a more liberal type of religion, only a strong reaction and not a permanent thing, and I found signs of weakening at every point. The little village of New Prague in southwestern Minnesota is a good example. It is the center of a large Bohemian agricultural community, and has the reputation of being a "tough" town and quite a nest of infidelity. I found it a clean and prosperous place of 1,500 inhabitants, outwardly neater and better cared for than the ordinary Western village. It has a clean and wholesome-looking hotel, a little Protestant and a big Catholic church, and the usual variety of stores. I was surprised to find the hotel without the customary bar, and to my question about it the hotel-keeper replied, "I have no use for bars; I ain't no drinking man and I don't want nobody else to drink."

The editor of the New Prague "Times" had been pointed out to me as the chief infidel, yet I found him an interested reader of The Outlook, and a rather fine type of the liberal Christian. While, of course, the Chicago "Svornost" and its kind find a great many readers, the infidels are all those who have refused to go to confession and who wanted a public school, and who are now erecting a fine structure. From the banker, the physician, the druggist, and the photographer, I received additional proof that my conjecture was correct, and the only one who had little to say in praise of these people and much to blame was the village priest, a true type of the Austrian Catholic who would rule with an iron hand if he could, and who misses the strong support of government. Typical of him was the answer to my question as to his touch with the people in comparison with that of the Austrian priest at home. "You know in Austria the State pays us, and we don't need to come in close touch with the people, but here it is different; here the people pay, and that alone brings us in closer touch."

My impression of New Prague is that it is neither "tough" nor infidel; it is true that it has saloons and too many of them, that the Continental Sabbath is the type of its rest-day, but in outward decency and in the degree of intelligence among its professional and business men it rivals any other town of its size with which I am acquainted. It is surrounded by Irish and American settlements, the first of which it surpasses in order and decency, and is not far from the other in enterprise and an unexpressed desire to bring the kingdom of God upon the earth.

Among these people who offer such a promising field the efforts of Protestants have been successful, though they are entirely inadequate when one considers that fully seventy-five per cent. are alienated from the Mother Church, are in a condition of semi-infidelity, and are in reality waiting for a faith more in keeping with their ideas of religion. The most successful work among them is that carried on by the Congregational Home Missionary Society, under the supervision of the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, who was a foreign missionary in Bohemia, and who brought with him to this country a thorough knowledge of their language and an insight into their character which have been of great help to him. Oberlin Theological Seminary maintains a Slavic Department in which men are trained for this work. In the same atmosphere of this community, in close touch with the best that college life affords, they are trained for Christian leadership, and they bring with them an intellectual hunger which is almost unappeasable, and they draw in the new life through every fiber of their beings. Most of them must first learn to speak their own language correctly; then they have to wrestle with English, and finally they must struggle through rudimentary subjects to theology. Professor Miskowszky, the Dean of this department, and a graduate of Columbia University, has the difficult task of preparing these men for their life-work, and one who has seen them together in the class-room realizes

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what a difficult task it is for both teacher and students, and wonders at the marvelous results.

In Cleveland a Bible Readers' School prepares young women for the difficult task of visiting the homes and teaching and exemplifying the Gospel. This work has its stories of marvelous conversions among men and women of mature years, and my acquaintance of over thirteen years with its preachers and leaders, as well as my visits among its churches and mission stations, leads me to believe that its work is genuine and destined to be a great factor in the evangelization of these Slavic people. One of its little churches at Silver Lake, Minn., leads the churches of the State in its gifts to benevolent objects, and the whole town is a model of intelligence, sobriety, and true piety; but in the cities its work is too circumscribed, and to be felt at all it must at least tenfold its activities.

The saloon holds an abnormally large place in the social life of the Bohemians, and beer works its havoc among them socially and politically. The lodges, of which there are legion, are above or beneath saloons, and all societies down to the building and loan associations are in close touch with them. It is the pride of Bohemian Chicago that two of its greatest breweries are in the hands of its countrymen, and brewers and saloonkeepers control much of the Bohemian vote. I asked one of the politicians whether that element was active in politics, and he replied, "Oh, yes; we have five aldermen and the city clerk." The fact is that they have given Chicago a poor class of officials and have placed their worst infidels in the City Council and on the School Board. There is not a little avowed Anarchy among them, and a great deal more of Marxian Socialism, one of the daily papers advocating the latter political faith. Just as there is much dangerous half-knowledge of religious subjects, so there is much of it about politics, and the worst and yet the most eloquent arguments on Socialism I have heard from these agitators, of whom there are many.

Though the Bohemian is very pugnacious, he is easily led, or rather easily influenced, and in times of political excitement I should say that he would need a great deal of watching. He is much more tenacious of his language and customs than the German, and I have found children of the third generation who spoke English like foreigners. An appeal to his history, to the achievements of his people, awakens in him a great deal of pride, which he easily implants into the hearts of his children. This does not make him a worse American, and in the Bohemian heart George Washington soon has his place by the side of John Huss, and ere long is "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The Bohemian is intelligent enough to know what he escaped in Austria, and values his opportunities in America, although too often he confuses liberty with license; in this, however, he is not a sinner above others. His greatest sin is his materialism, and he stunts every part of his finer nature to own a house and to have a bank account. Children are robbed of their youth and of the opportunity to obtain a higher education by this parental hunger after money, and parental authority among the Bohemians has all the rigor of the Austrian absolutism which they have transplanted, but which they cannot maintain very long, for young Bohemia is quickly infected by young America, and a small-sized revolution is soon started in every household; it is then that the first generation thinks its bitterest thonghts about this country and its baleful influence upon the young. In fact, the second generation is rather profligate in "sowing its wild oats," which are reaped in the police courts in the shape of fines for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and assault and battery.

The Bohemian is among the best of our immigrants, and yet may easily be the worst, for when I have watched him in political riots in Prague and Pilsen or during strikes in our own country I have found him easily inflamed, bitter and relentless in his hate, and destructive in his wild passion. He has lacked sane leaders in his own country, as he lacks well-balanced leaders in this. The settlement and missionary workers in Chicago find him rather poor material to work with, for he is unapproachable, not easily handled, and repels them by his suspicious nature and outward unloveliness, although he is better than he seems and not quite so good as he thinks himself to be, for humility is not one of his virtues. He develops best where he has the best

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example, and upon the farms of Minnesota and Nebraska he is second only to the German, whose close neighbor he is and with whom he lives in peace, strange as it may seem. The Bohemian is here to stay, and scarcely any of those who come will ever stand again upon St. Charles bridge and watch their native Moldava as it winds itself along the ancient battlements of "Golden Prague," as they love to call their capital. America is their home, "for better or for worse;" they love it passionately; and yet one who knows their history, every page of it aflame from war, need not wonder that they turn often to their past and dwell on it, lingering there with fond regret.

Last year, while I was in Prague, Antonin Dvořák, the composer, celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and the National Opera-House was the scene of a gala performance and a great demonstration in his honor. They gave his National Dances in the form of a grand ballet, and to the notes of those wild and melancholy strains of the Mazurka, the Kolo, and the Krakoviak, came all the Slavic tribes in their picturesque garb, and all were greeted by thunderous applause as they planted their national banners; at last came a stranger from across the sea, and in his hand was a flag, the Stars and Stripes, while to greet him came Bohemia, with Bohemia's colors waving in her hands; and these two received the greatest applause of that memorable evening. These two are in the heart of this stranger; he is faithful to the old, and will ever be loyal to the new. How to be loyal to this flag in times of peace, at the ballot-box, on the streets of Cleveland during a strike, as a citizen and alderman in Chicago, is the great lesson which he needs to learn, and we need to learn it with him. He will remain a Bohemian longest in the agricultural districts of Minnesota and Nebraska, where he holds tenaciously to the speech of his forefathers; but, in spite of that, I consider him a better American than his brother in the city. He needs to find here a Christianity which will satisfy his spiritual nature and which will become the law of his life, a religion which binds him and yet will make him truly free; and that we all need to find. Above all, he has to resist the temptation to make bread out of stone, to use all his powers to make a living and none of them to make a life; and that is a temptation which we must all learn to resist, for neither men nor nations can "live by bread alone."

Some Modern Interpretations of Christianity[1]

WHAT is Christianity? The centuries have been seeking an answer to this question; not because Christianity is indefinite, but because it is larger than the mind of man has been able fully to grasp. Dr. Brown's book is an attempt to trace the movement toward an adequate answer, and it shows a wide knowledge of the field, a clear, discriminating mind, and an experienced hand in the art of writing. It is an attempt to trace, as he says, "the rise and progress of the effort to conceive Christianity scientifically." In the first chapter, which is admirable for its terse, clear, easy style, he states the problem. This he shows to be ultimately dependent upon the conception of the Absolute. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is in contrast with the finite, then arises a theology, be it that of the Vatican or that of dogmatic Protestantism, which makes the essence of Christianity consist in what is extraordinary and miraculous. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is beyond the boundary of knowledge, then arises a philosophy, it cannot be called a theology, which denies the possibility of an absolute religion or

[1] *The Essence of Christianity: A Study in Definition.* By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

An Introduction to Protestant Dogmatics. By Dr. P. Lobstein, Professor of Theology in the University of Strassburg. Authorized Translation from the Original French Edition by Arthur Maxson Smith, Ph.D. Published by the Translator. Printed at the University of Chicago Press.

Theology and the Social Consciousness: A Study of the Relations of Social Consciousness to Theology. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Reason and Revelation: An Essay in Christian Apology. By J. R. Illingworth, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Spiritual Outlook: A Survey of the Religious Life of Our Time as Related to Progress. By Willard Chamberlain Selleck. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Jesus' Way: An Appreciation of the Teaching in the Synoptic Gospels. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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that there is anything essential and therefore permanent in Christianity. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is the ultimate reality of all life—neither contrasted with the finite nor separated from it—then arises a theology which finds God in his world and makes the essence of Christianity—so far as it is an absolute religion—to consist in its meeting the universal religious needs, because it is "valid for man as man." While contrasting these three conceptions, Dr. Brown takes occasion to point out the fact that the first, which makes faith dependent upon some external sanction, be it church, creed, or book, is, in spite of common opinion to the contrary, vague and ambiguous. It is the last of these conceptions, the one which he terms the psychological, which he accepts as prerequisite to any reasonable attempt to discover the elements of absoluteness in Christianity.

To the question, What is Christianity? Dr. Brown finds in the very beginnings of the Church two contradictory answers. One, in part given by Paul, in part by the Epistle to the Hebrews, is that Christianity consists in a new principle, partly in contrast to Judaism, partly in development out of it. The other answer, given by the Epistle of Barnabas, is that Christianity is primarily law—precisely the same law as that revealed in the Old Testament, but disobeyed, and therefore misunderstood, by the Jews. It is this second answer which is found to be overwhelmingly prevalent throughout the ancient and mediæval Church, and but little modified in the leaders of the Reformation. It is not until the philosophy of Kant and the rise of the historical spirit began to upset the complacent certainties of Catholic and Protestant theologians alike, that the way was opened for Schleiermacher, Hegel, and Ritschl to develop the answer first given by Paul and the Epistle to the Hebrews. In a final chapter, "Retrospect and Prospect," Dr. Brown reaches his definition of Christianity, which centers about Jesus Christ, as one who not only reveals truth but imparts life.

With all its compactness and its scholarship, this book has a distinct literary quality. It not only gives valuable information, but it also stimulates thought. Those who wish to have at hand a wide survey of the great historical currents of the philosophy of Christianity and the present trend of theological thought will find it in this volume.

One cause of the slow progress of the world, which sometimes seems slowest of all in the Church, is the tendency of men, even of the more thoughtful character, to read mainly books which confirm their previous impressions. Comparatively few men are open-minded enough to read, with appreciation and assimilation, books which present a point of view to which they are unaccustomed; or, if they do not absolutely taboo such books as dangerous, they read them only to criticise or condemn.

We wish that Dr. Lobstein's book might be read by two classes of thinkers of our time, both of whom might, by perusing it, be enabled better to comprehend the theological transition through which some certainly are passing. These two classes, the egoistical rationalist and the traditional dogmatist, confirm each the other by reason of the polemical temper, which always assumes — generally erroneously — that whatever is the opposite of an error is the truth. The egoistical rationalist will not look for sources of religious truth beyond his own ideas and ideals, and so measures all affirmations by the way they strike his reason or perhaps his fancy. Of this type James Martineau is probably the most notable and noble illustration among English writers. The traditional dogmatician, beginning with the assumption that the Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and going on to affirm that the creeds are the only authoritative interpreters of the Bible, should—though he does not always or even generally—go on still further, into the Church of Rome; for an infallible book, if it is to be an infallible guide, requires an infallible church to be its infallible interpreter. Professor Lobstein accepts neither the postulate of the egoist nor of the traditionalist. He insists that dogma is necessary. We must think out our faith in rational forms for our own sake, else it remains a mere vague and formless sentiment. We must think it out for the sake of others, else in communicating it we communicate simply an evanescent imagination or a still more evanescent emotion. But the material for a scientific statement of religious truth

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is not to be found in the creeds nor yet in the Bible, though both are to be used as a part of the material; still less in the egoistic and purely personal experience of the individual. The material for a rational philosophy of the life of faith is to be found in the life itself—that life which, having its historic origin in and its actual inspiration from the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, and by its vital efficiency transforming the thought, the experience, and the ethical principles and practices of humanity, we call Christian life. This we understand is what Professor Lobstein means by the Gospel: for it is quite clear that he does not mean the four Gospels, that is, the mere historic biography of Jesus, still less any philosophy drawn from and based alone on that biography. The most serious defect in his volume is a certain vagueness, if not contradictoriness, in his definitions, or rather description, of the Gospel which he declares to be the material for Protestant theology. His best definition is contained in the following sentence, which seems, standing by itself, to be entirely clear:

> The experience which the dogmatician attempts to analyze and translate is the collective experience of the Christian community, the experience of which the consciousness of Jesus is at once the source, the material, and the norm.

We shall not undertake to indicate the working out of this fundamental principle, the effect of which on Protestant theology Professor Lobstein indicates, but only indicates, in his last chapter. We hope that he may fulfill the intimation of his closing sentence, and hereafter elaborate the programme which here he only traces. It will be clear, however, to the thoughtful reader, even from this mere hint as to the contents of this book, that its teaching involves some important and radical results as to the material for Protestant theology, the nature of Protestant theology, and the authority of Protestant theology. The material is not a Book; the scientist cannot construct a scientific theology by proof texts deftly woven together. He must study Christian life, and the whole Christian life, and learn, in the complex phenomena of Christian consciousness as seen in history, to distinguish the Christian from the pagan with which it is intermingled, and which it is gradually supplanting. The nature of a true theology is not metaphysical; it can deal only with vital experiences, not with ideas unverifiable by experience. Thus its doctrine of the Trinity cannot be a metaphysical conception of the tri-personality of God; it can only be a truthful explanation of the threefold experience of God in Christian consciousness. And the authority of a true theology cannot be ecclesiastical—neither the authority of the living Church, nor of the ancient Church, Apostolic or Hebrew, nor of the records of these churches; it must be the same authority as that of art, science, and philosophy, namely, the actual consciousness of men testifying to the facts of spiritual life as that consciousness testifies to the facts of the æsthetic, the physical, and the intellectual life. It is not to be supposed that the traditionalist will look upon this book as safe; and yet we should think, if he is but reasonably open-minded, that it might serve to convince him that the men of the school whom Professor Lobstein so admirably represents are not infidels, and that "the programme which he believes is already on the way to progressive realization" is not a programme of unbelief or irreligion.

Dr. King's book, "Theology and the Social Consciousness," we regard as a valuable contribution to current discussion, which because of its value it is difficult to report to our readers. For that value consists partly in its conciseness, and further condensation is well-nigh impossible. It might almost be said to consist of a series of theses. The author states rather than argues, and leaves his statements to carry conviction by their own reasonableness. He amplifies very little, illustrates practically not at all. His book is therefore one for thinkers; it does not belong to the quasi-periodical and wholly popular literature of which we have so much. And yet it is not scholastic; it is not phrased in the technical language of the schools; the thoughtful layman will readily understand it; its style is unconnected but lucid, as clear and as colorless as spring water; one looks through it to the truth beneath.

Social consciousness the author defines as "a growing sense of the real brotherhood of man;" but this social consciousness is capable of analysis; it includes

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a deepening sense (1) of the likeness or likemindedness of men, (2) of their mutual influence, (3) of the value and sacredness of the person, (4) of mutual obligation, and (5) of love. Sustained by natural science, psychology, philosophy, and Christianity, the conviction is growing and deepening that "mutual influence is inevitable, isolation impossible." Commercial, industrial, social, religious organization is compelled, not only by natural forces working from without, but by this growing social consciousness working from within. It is based on and has its ground and reason in the immanence of God in human experience; it is therefore a divine, an irresistible force, not to be resisted, but to be welcomed, accepted, guided, in a true sense obeyed. And its effect is and will be against the falsely mystical which disowns and denies personality, for this social consciousness is a consciousness of individuals united by a common bond and to a common end; toward a true mysticism, namely, a conscious personal relation with God as the basis of our conscious personal relation with one another; toward a greater emphasis on the ethical in religion, because it emphasizes human brotherhood and mutual duties; and, finally, toward the concretely, historically Christian in religion, because it calls for and emphasizes the need of the revelation of a living God in living relation to men, which is exactly what historical Christianity gives. The latter half of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the influence which this social consciousness will have upon theological doctrine.

Dr. Illingworth's preceding works have brought him recognition as an eminent theologian of the Anglican Church, and the present volume is likely to add to his reputation. It is, as he says, primarily concerned with some permanent principles that underlie the grand argument of Christianity. In many parts it is admirably strong. If at all weak, it is in some fundamental misconceptions. In its carefully reasoned defense of Trinitarian doctrine there are also points which one, however attached to the Trinitarian idea, must in any impartially critical estimate pronounce ill sustained.

It is doubtless true, as stated, that all controversies about the Gospels turn upon our presuppositions; and these, says Dr. Illingworth, are either Christian or non-Christian. But his sharp parting between the sheep and the goats is not quite accordant with facts. Among the doubters of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel are some evangelical Christian scholars. To assert that men take sides on this question according to their belief or non-belief in the Incarnation is more loose than exact.

Dr. Illingworth rightly holds that one who would understand any part of a book must understand its full context. The context of the Gospel story of the Incarnation is the whole of Christian experience in its communion with God and conflict with sin. Christian belief in that "stupendous event" consequently rests, not on tradition only, but on the congruity of the tradition with the innermost conscience of mankind, which needs and seeks just such divine assistance. The logical fallacy here is that of the "undistributed term." Because divine assistance in some way is needed, is therefore divine assistance in this miraculous way likeliest? Dr. Illingworth accepts the doctrine of the divine immanence, and yet does not entertain its implicate of a divine incarnation in the race of which the Christ as "the son of Abraham" is the flower.

The question, What is Revelation? he thus answers: "Briefly, that God is Love, and that this is possible, because there is a Trinity of persons within the Godhead, between whom the reciprocity of love can exist, a divine society." If this is so, then, unless there is a Trinity, there is no divine love. Against this conclusion Dr. Illingworth's criterion of "the context" in Christian experience protests—many genuine Christians rejoicing in the divine love, while they discard as tritheism the notion of a divine society within the Godhead.

The central doctrine of Christianity, says Dr. Illingworth, is "that Jesus Christ was God incarnate," and "rests on the claim that Jesus Christ made for himself." This uncritical way of identifying certain statements of Jesus with certain interpretations of them ought by this time to be obsolete. It is notorious that Christian scholars variously understand such a saying as, "I and my Father are one." And when Dr. Illingworth declares it "beyond controversy the belief of St. Paul and St.

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John" "that God incarnate had Himself revealed the existence of a Trinity in the Godhead," it seems beyond controversy that he has read into the Apostolic writings the ideas of a later age.

What is Revelation? is a question variously answered. Traditional theology, with its overemphasis on the divine transcendence, conceives of Revelation as coming down into the world from an opened heaven. Modern theology, recognizing the transcendent Deity as immanent in his world, conceives of Revelation as a divine unfolding within the world, the welling up of feeling and thought in seekers after God from his life in the roots of their being. The conception of Revelation underlying Dr. Illingworth's argument is the older of these two. It is an element of weakness in a work whose noble purpose, Christian spirit, intellectual power, and literary finish no dissent should leave without full recognition.

Mr. Selleck's survey of present religious life as related to progress has been adequately characterized, though briefly, in our notices of current publications. It is deserving of special mention here as among the books of formative power, contributing to the change of emphasis now going on in the religious world from ancient affirmations to present obligations, and redeeming the social and ethical interests of religion from long neglect. With a generous appraisal of religious forces now organized, and with a generally hopeful outlook, Mr. Selleck affirms a wide deficiency in ethical sensitiveness and vigor that requires an ethical revival in the churches as the way out of serious perils. Of this the increasing number of such voices, now no longer crying in a wilderness, is a hopeful presage.

President Hyde's little book, "Jesus' Way," both supplements and simplifies its valuable predecessor, "God's Education of Man." While the age of dogmatic theology is not yet past, with the skepticism that its exaggerations provoke, the simplicity of Christianity, as not a dogma but a life, needs all the prominence it can obtain. The emphasis given to this by the Revised Version, representing Christianity in its earliest period as simply "the Way," Dr. Hyde sustains in his exhibition of all the cardinal truths of Christianity: the Fatherhood of God is the central principle of the Way; following the Way is imitating Jesus' translation into human life of the Father's character; the kingdom of heaven is the community of these followers of the Way; faith is the grasp of the Way; repentance, the entrance to it; forgiveness, restoration to it; love, its law; loyalty, its witness; sacrifice, the cost of it; etc. The Christian life is simply the Way in successful operation; it is an experience; to it there is no valid intellectual objection. "If a man is not a Christian, he cannot, in these days of the supremacy of the empirical method, throw the blame on anything so respectable as intellectual difficulties, or conscientious scruples, or theological doubts." He either misunderstands Jesus' way, or prefers some other. Those who inquire for books helpful to friends entangled in mental confusion or prejudice on the subject of religion will hardly find one more satisfactory than this.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Advent and Ascension. By D. W. Faunce, D.D. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. 75c.

The cardinal thought of this latest of the author's works is the miraculous character of Christianity, viewed as "a series of events belonging to the earthly career of Jesus Christ." The miraculous character of the beginning and the end of that career, "if duly proved," carry in harmony therewith a miraculous life. This is the point, therefore, to the proof of which the volume is devoted. Dr. Faunce shows vigor and acuteness in his argument for the virgin birth and the corporeal resurrection and ascension, the two latter regarded as constituting one event. The argument may be criticised as resting too much on *a priori* considerations, such as what we might expect God to do, etc.

Canterbury Pilgrims (The): A Comedy. By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5½×8 in. 210 pages.

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Care and Feeding of Children (The): A Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 149 pages. 75c.

Cartells et Trusts. By Martin Saint-Léon, Librairie Victor Lecoffre, Paris, France. 4½×7¼ in. 248 pages.

The author's clear account of the European "cartells" through which producers combine to maintain prices makes his work exceptionally valuable to American students of the trust problem. He discusses, of course, our own trust problem, and his work here also is excellent in temper and in execution. As a factor in the production of wealth the author's judgment is in favor of the trusts, but as a factor in the distribution of wealth he condemns them, and urges strict public control.

Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains, as Revealed by Original Printed and Manuscript Records. By John Boyd Thacher. In 3 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8×11½ in. Orders taken for sets only. Per vol., $9.

This work is the result of long continued study of manuscripts and early printed volumes, and is printed and published in an exterior form worthy of the subject. On the completion of the three volumes we shall review the work as a whole with some care.

David and Bathshua: A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 100 pages.

Discourses of Keidansky. By Bernard G. Richards. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 228 pages. $1.25, net.

The smart epigrams and paradoxes of a disillusionized radical of the Ghetto—a mere jester, however, without either the wit or the seriousness of a true satirist.

Electric Wiring: A Primer for the Use of Wiremen and Students. By W. C. Clinton, B.Sc. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 179 pages. 60c., net.

Teaches how to put in lamp and bell circuits. The practical problems involved are worked out for the benefit of the student, and a good index is added.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6¾ in. 154 pages. $1, net.

Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney. In 2 vols. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in.

A very fine edition of one of the earliest English novels of classical quality.

Everyman: A Moral Play. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 43 pages.

"Everyman" in book form will be welcomed by the large number of people whose attention has been called to this ancient morality play by its admirable presentation in different cities. This is said to be the fourth reprint since the sixteenth century, and is an admirable piece of work; well printed, on strong paper, from clear type, and with reproductions of old woodcuts. The publication is noteworthy as the initial volume of the new publishing house of Fox, Duffield & Co. The members of this firm are young men, graduates of Harvard University, and men of literary knowledge and taste. Mr. Duffield was for some time instructor of literature at Harvard; and Mr. Fox is a brother of John Fox, Jr., the well-known Kentucky novelist.

Felicitas. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 341 pages. $1.50.

A tale of a little Roman outpost town at what is now Salzburg. The plot is slight, has little originality, but there is considerable charm in the telling of the story, which is excellently translated.

First Course of Practical Science, with Full Directions for Experiments and Numerous Exercises. By J. H. Leonard, B.Sc. (Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 138 pages. 60c., net.

This manual, prepared for British schools, deals with a few fundamental subjects, such as solids, liquids, the air, heat, filtration, distillation, etc.

French Impressionists (The), 1860-1900. By Camille Mauclair. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 211 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson (The). By David Miller Dewitt. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 646 pages. $3, net.

Another valuable addition to the now rapidly growing literature of the reconstruction epoch. The author is a warm defender of the impeached President, and finds in his subsequent re-election to the United States Senate, the collapse of the Republican party at the South, and the growing antagonism to negro suffrage, a complete vindication of Mr. Johnson's policy.

In Argolis. By George Horton. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 226 pages.

A new, handsomely made edition of a delightful book, upon which The Outlook commented at length a year ago; one of those rare books which deal with modern Greece, with a happy blending of reverence for its past and an intimate knowledge of its present. This book has a delightful quality of humor, and has the interest of a story. In fact, Mr. Horton has interwoven a story element into his description of life, manners, and people in this little Greek town. The volume is furnished with the most generous margins, there are a number of interesting illustrations, and the book is handsomely and substantially bound.

"International" Christian Worker's New Testament (The): Indexed and Marked by the Best Methods of Bible Marking on All Subjects Connected with the Theme of Salvation. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 4×5 in. 432 pages.

Marked with red lines and letters; an attempt to do for evangelists and mission "workers" what, if they do it at all, they ought to do for themselves. Another crutch.

Keswick Movement (The): In Precept and Practise. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3½×6½ in. 124 pages. 50c., net.

A concise history of this influential religious movement, with an exposition of its characteristic principles and practices. A critique of it, "The Highest Life," was recently published by Armstrong & Son, New York, which

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any one desiring to make a thorough study of the subject may find it profitable to consult after reading the present volume.

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. In 2 vols. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $4.

The new edition of this work brings it to the level of its distinguished author's later knowledge and into harmony with his matured opinion. Many years out of print, Mr. Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" now stands enlarged, revised, and in a great measure rewritten. It was first published anonymously forty-odd years ago. In 1871 Mr. Lecky published a revised edition under his own name. This attracted attention, not only because of the author's repute, but also because the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and the Land Act of 1870, had been recent events. The great popularity of the book, however, was not evident until after Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. The Liberal Premier and several members of his Cabinet appealed to Mr. Lecky's work as justifying their policy. Some use, no doubt, might have been plausibly made of Mr. Lecky's persuasion that a distinct national feeling caused a large amount of the Irish discontent. We are not surprised, however, to read Mr. Lecky's protest against the Gladstonian argument that there was any real analogy between the Parliament of 1800 and the Land League Parliament proposed by the Gladstonians—a Parliament morally sure to begin legislation by the plunder of the very classes of which Grattan's Parliament really consisted. The most striking change from the previous edition is in the omission of the sketch of Swift which once began the work. Mr. Lecky has replaced it by an illuminative essay on phases of Irish life during the first half of the eighteenth century. The introduction to the present edition furnishes, however, the most interesting reading of the entire work. Looking back over the past thirty years, Mr. Lecky admits that his forecast in 1871 has been in some respects lamentably falsified. The aspect of Irish politics has totally changed (1) because of the close alliance between Fenianism and Home Rule, once altogether distinct, and (2) because of the success of Parnell and Davitt in combining with these a great agrarian movement. We trust that Mr. Lecky will publish another volume, to contain appreciations of such men as Isaac Butt, Parnell, McCarthy, Redmond, and Russell. We could well spare some of the entire volume devoted to O'Connell to a consideration of these latter-day leaders; but it must be admitted that the student of history, and especially the student of the accurate history which Mr. Lecky writes, will take great satisfaction in the work in its present shape, reflecting as it does the ripe judgment of a great scholar.

Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison. In 2 vols. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. Per set, $2.50, net.

These two attractively made volumes present in a separate form Professor Harrison's biography of Poe, with the collection of letters which appeared in two volumes in the Virginia Edition of Poe, published last autumn.

Major's Niece (The). By Sara Van Buren Brugiere and Adeline Brady. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 263 pages. $1.25.

Mannerings (The). By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 382 pages. $1.50.

An unusually well-written story, dealing with some rather morbid types of New England character, but full of insight, of discrimination, of sensitive feeling of nature, and stamped throughout by a high degree of refinement both of thought and of manner; a story which has little in common with the average novel of the day, so superior is it in point of workmanship.

Maria Stuart. By Friedrich Schiller. Edited by Carl Edgar Eggert, Ph.D. (The Lake German Classics.) Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 276 pages.

Mission Methods in Manchuria. By John Ross, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 251 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Mr. Brodrick's Army. By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. Arthur L. Humphreys, London, England. 6×9 in. 102 pages. 25c.

New America (The): A Study of the Imperial Republic. By Beckles Willson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 268 pages. $2.50, net.

This is not literature, nor philosophy, nor political economy, nor history. It is journalism. There are evident signs that it has been thought out in haste, written in haste, and some indications that it has been printed in haste. The author imputes to the President autocratic powers, saying that he might be called "Emperor Theodore of the Empire of America." He bases this on the assumption that the President's command of the administrative system, including control of the offices, is absolute and unqualified, and gives him control over the distribution of a total fund of eighty millions of dollars during his term of office. Of course this entirely ignores the fact that his appointments to office are subject to the approval of the Senate, and that in point of fact they are to a large extent dictated by the Senate. The author misinterprets the insular decisions of the Supreme Court, erroneously stating that the Court ruled that instantly upon the cession of Porto Rico by Spain to the United States that island became part of America, whereas what the Court ruled was that Porto Rico became a *possession* of America, and not a part of it. He assumes that the Constitution is violated because an Electoral Commission was created in 1887 for the purpose of determining a disputed Presidential election by arbitration, instead of settling it by war; violated by the exclusion from the House of the member elected from Utah, though the Constitution explicitly makes the House sole judge of the qualification of its members; violated by the treaty made by the Senate agreeing to give Spain the sum of twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands without the consent of the lower house, a treaty which could not have gone into effect until the House appro-

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priated the money for the fulfillment of the treaty obligation. He declares that the Anti-Trust Law is almost a dead letter, in curious ignorance of the variety of decisions which have already enforced it. He declares that in our universities "the teaching staff is ruled despotically by the President, who acts as the vizier of the millionaire benefactor, or 'regents,' 'trustees,' etc., who rarely interfere with his decisions," a description of university administration which he must have evolved wholly out of his own consciousness. The book is bright, readable, lucid, suggestive, but chiefly valuable as indicating how modern America appears to a Canadian who accepts as conclusions his first impressions, without cross-examining them to see whether they are correct or not.

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and Edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. In 2 vols. John Lane, New York. 5½×9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Nonjurors (The): Their Lives, Principles, and Writings. By J. H. Overton, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5½×9 in. 503 pages. $3.60, net.

The peculiar doctrine of the Church of England during the reigns of the Stuart kings, that the sovereign, however tyrannical, had an indefeasible right to at least the passive obedience of his subjects, had for its sequel the hundred years' schism created by the Revolution of 1688. Those of the clergy who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, because of the conscientious scruple that they were bound by their oath to the dethroned James II., "nonjurors," as they were called, were in consequence deprived of their livings. They had, however, some following, and so formed a small body which regarded itself as the true Church of England, until, after a century and more, disintegrated by internal discords, it disappeared. Their story is at once heroic and pathetic; martyrs they were, but martyrs to a fallacy. Among them were some of the best men in the Church, as Bishop Ken, whose morning and evening hymns are still in use, and William Law, whose writings powerfully influenced the spiritual development of John Wesley. For their character, at least, they deserve the appreciative commemoration they receive in this volume. One of their cardinal principles survives to-day—a curious principle for any Church that cleaves to a close alliance with the State, viz., the Church's entire independence of the State in the exercise of her spiritual authority—a true principle, but, for a State Church, burdened with inconsistency.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 255 pages. $1.50, net.

This is too interesting a book to be disfigured by certain misprints, for instance, Chevannes, Rosetti, Madrazzo. The work will supply an aid to pictorial composition; there has been little written on this subject in comparison with that on decorative art. Mr. Poore proceeds from the various technical points in the making of a picture to a discussion of the æsthetics of composition, and, finally, of the critical judgment of pictures. A wealth of illustration doubles the value of his text. Perhaps his most striking judgments are those concerning the evolution of a picture; they acutely point out that an artist either goes forth and finds his picture, or he creates it. In the former case, the artist goes to nature; she supplies the material and he the experience; in the latter case the work is deliberate and the artist assumes responsibility. In his introduction Mr. Poore warns us that some of his pages may prove iconoclastic, shattering the images created of superstitious reverence; and in truth they are. For instance, "If fifty persons were asked who was the greatest painter, forty-nine would say Raphael; . . . the fiftieth might have observed, what all painters know, that Raphael was not a great painter, either as colorist or technician. . . . As a painter and draughtsman, Raphael is indeed outclassed by Bouguereau, Cabanel, or Lefevre (!) . . . But the work of Raphael possesses the loving unction of real conviction, and nothing to which he put his well-trained hand failed of the baptism of genius. Through this mark, therefore, it will live forever." Nor is this all. "It will be a surprise to the average man in that realm of perfect truth which lies beyond to mark . . . that Raphael will grasp the hand of Abbott Thayer, saying to him, . . . 'Oh that I had had thy glorious quality of technical subtlety in place of the mechanical directness in which I labored!'" Some old-fashioned folk may think that iconoclasm could do no more.

Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution (The). Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. I. The University Library, Princeton, N. J. 6×9½ in. 294 pages.

The first volume of an important and somewhat extensive semi-historical, semi-literary work; for Freneau's poems belong, not only to the early history of American literature, but to Revolutionary history as well. Many of them are historical documents of importance; a few of them betray the earliest touches of literary feeling and the earliest expression of the literary spirit on this continent. On account of the fierceness of the political feeling of his time and the excessive partisanship of Freneau, many men of his own time and of the succeeding generation were filled with an unreasoning hatred of the man and of his work. That, however, has long since passed away; and it is a mistake to assume that Freneau's comparative obscurity has been due to political prejudice. It has been due chiefly to the fact that only now and again did his work bear the impress of spontaneity and charm, and that for the most part it is distinctly uninspired. Students of our literature, however, cannot fail to honor the patient and thorough scholarship which has sifted all the evidence, examined all the sources, and brought Freneau's work together in so substantial and accurate a form. Much of the material gathered from the early newspapers and periodicals would soon have been beyond reach but for the zeal of Professor Pattee, who has left no corner of the field unexplored, and who

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seems to have brought to his work, not only the instinct of a man who loves literature, but the instinct of the antiquarian as well. All the previous editions of Freneau's works have been compared, and a text collated which will be accepted as standard. The first volume contains a biography of Freneau, his early poems which appeared between 1768–1775, and the work of his first mature poetic period, 1775–1781.

Reciprocity. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D., and H. Parker Willis, Ph.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 583 pages. $2, net.

A comprehensive history of reciprocity in this country and a keen criticism of the reciprocity treaties now pending before Congress. The authors find little in either the past or the present to justify the belief that reciprocity opens the way to freer and larger commerce with the rest of the world. Though free-traders having no sympathy with National subsidies to the beet-sugar growers, they are extremely critical of the proposed reciprocity treaty with Cuba, and not only point out that the reduction in the duty on Cuban sugar will probably reduce our public revenues without in the least reducing the price of sugar to American consumers, but declare that the lost public revenues will go probably into the pockets of the American sugar trust rather than those of the Cuban planters. "Should we," say the authors, "admit Cuban sugar subject to a reduction of twenty per cent. or any other per cent., there is no reason to suppose that the price of sugar at Havana would be better than it now is." . . . "Sugar prices," it is urged, "are determined in the world's market and not in that of the United States. Why should the American refiner of raw sugar pay more for Cuban sugar than for raw sugar from Europe?" The answer to this argument is that the American sugar refiner would not pay more for Cuban sugar than for European, but would pay exactly the same, and the reduction of the duty would enable the Cuban planter to get his sugar through our custom-houses for seven dollars a ton less than his European rival is charged. As the American refiner pays both the same, the Cuban planter plainly pockets the seven dollars which his European rival must give to the customs officials. However, the extreme position which the authors take upon this point is not typical. The book as a whole is closely reasoned, and it is invaluable as a book of reference to workers and speakers upon reciprocity problems.

Red-Headed Gill. By Rye Owen. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. $1.50.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude. (Players Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 519 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 12c.)

The features of this new edition of Tolstoi's powerful drama, which was written a number of years ago, founded upon an actual occurrence, rewritten later, and the proceeds of which have been devoted by the author to aiding the Doukhobors, are illustrations from the dramatic presentation of the story now being made in this city.

Sea Drift, or Tribute to the Ocean. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. James T. White & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages.

Songs and Stories from Tennessee. By John Trotwood Moore. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 358 pages.

The stories are good; the poems are not. The description of the horse-race in the first narrative is a fine bit of writing which may win tributes of tears and smiles for "Ole Mistis" and "Little Jake," whose picture is the frontispiece. The dialect in some of the other stories is strained in places. "Uncle Wash" lapses into expressions that savor of Greek scholarship.

Story of the Conquest Flag (The). By Rev. S. M. Johnson. The New Era Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¼ in. 124 pages.

Triumph of Count Ostermann (The). By Graham Hope. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

The Court of Peter the Great is the scene of this romance, in which Count Ostermann, Peter's Prime Minister, and others talk surprisingly like people of to-day. Emancipation of women (Peter brought Russian women out of a seclusion like that of the Orient), elevation of the peasant class (then serfs whose liberation was already under consideration), and kindred topics were themes which the Czar and thoughtful folk around him discussed. The story of how Count Ostermann won his wife's heart makes a pretty love tale.

True Theory of Christianity (The): A Commentary on the Bible, and Especially on Things that Men Should Know Concerning the Teachings of Christ. By Andrew W. Madison, A.M. (Second Edition.) Published by the Author, 20 Fourth Avenue, New York. 5×6¾ in. 86 pages. 40c.

Trusts (The): What Can We Do with Them? What Can They Do for Us? By William Miller Collier. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. 50c.

This volume was reviewed in these columns in 1900, when the first edition appeared. In the main the author is a defender of industrial combinations, magnifying the economies effected thereby and minimizing the economies and inventiveness promoted by competition. He recognizes, however, the dangers of over-capitalization and at least temporary extortion, when monopolies are not regulated by law, and urges the removal of unfair advantages, the prohibition of unfair methods of strangling competitors, and, above all, the requirement of publicity. This new edition of the work has been issued on the occasion of the author's appointment as Solicitor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to assist in the enforcement of anti-trust laws.

Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 172 pages. $1.

We are told that this book has "taken England by storm." This seems rather a strong expression for any possible effect of these slight sketches about a little Scottish boy, his tricks and teasing, the whole expressed in the hardest kind of rough dialect. But it is true that there is plenty of human nature in the lad and his doting parents, and the humor, if not very refined, is perfectly genuine.

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Correspondence

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your note preceding my article on "Why Prohibitionists are Undiscouraged," in The Outlook for April 11, you make the statement that I ran for the Legislature upon an independent ticket, which is incorrect. I was urged to run as an independent, and was assured by men in whose judgment I had confidence that I would certainly be elected if I would so run; but I declined, as I was the regular nominee of the Prohibition party, and I made the race as such and was elected as such.

OLIVER W. STEWART.

Are There, Then, No Local Communities?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read the editorial in The Outlook of April 11, "Prohibition or Temperance—Which?" May I venture to say that there is a point of difficulty to me in the line of argument followed in the editorial. It is said there that "State prohibition is the act of one community imposing its will on another community," "local option is the act of the community in the exercise of its own will." I doubt whether the distinction is real. Suppose we scale "communities" as follows: the apartment-house, the block, the voting precinct, the ward, the town or city, the county, the State, the Nation. Choose any one you please to call it "a local community" (which is a purely relative term), and if it votes to prohibit the sale of liquors within its own limits, it is in any case "a corporate act of self-control" from one point of view, and from another it is "the act of one community imposing its will on another community." If the lowest unit named be taken—the apartment-house—a vote for prohibition within its limits would mean very probably one group of people forcing their will on another. I cannot see, therefore, that the point made in the article is defensible.

I have lived in prohibition, high-license, and low-license States, and my judgment is that no liquor law can be enforced satisfactorily. For, no matter what concessions are made to sympathizers with the liquor interests, they will demand more, and meantime will violate the most liberal laws. It may clear matters up somewhat if we abandon the hope of trying to satisfy everybody with our temperance laws.

JOSEPH DUNN BURRELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

How? As in New York or Massachusetts

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If your favoring of local option and objection to prohibition were purely upon practical grounds, I could understand the consistency; but the principle of prohibition is as much at the basis of municipal as of State prohibitive legislation. If "the people of Buffalo are not to decide whether the people of New York City shall have saloons," why are the people of the West End to be allowed, under local option, to interfere with saloons in the East End, or the people on Twenty-second Street to interfere with the liquor of Twenty-third Street, or the man in No. 10 with the man in No. 12? You say, "It is a principle not impossible to apply." Not on practical grounds, I grant you, but in your argument on the principle of prohibition, have you not gone beside the mark? What is a "community"? What is a State? Are these decided by population or area? Texas and Rhode Island are each States. The "community" being smaller than the State seems to be sufficient, to your mind, to override the Christian principle of temperance in favor of the Mohammedan principle of prohibition. Small Rhode Island would, therefore, be more justified in passing a prohibitory law than enormous Texas? It is the same principle. "It is not impossible to apply it," you say. Will you kindly tell us how?

A. E. L.

Prohibition—The Other Side

A correspondent sends us this clipping from the Burlington "Free Press," which he regards as "the ablest and most reliable newspaper in Vermont:"

We had hoped that the change from prohibition, so called, to license-local option in this State would at least put an end to the vilification of the Vermonters as a community of hypocrites, soaked in rum and opium. But The Outlook continues to print communications reiterating such false and slanderous charges. The slanderers and the paper which

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welcomes them to its columns do not seem to perceive the contradictory character of the two main propositions so advanced—viz., that liquor has been virtually free, and intemperance the besetting vice of the Vermonters, as a class, under the prohibitory law; and that the Vermonters, as a class, have been driven to the use of opium to an extent unknown in license States, because they could not obtain alcoholic beverages. Neither charge is true. Both cannot be true. But it is of no use to show up their falsity. They will still be believed by those who wish to believe them; and the citizens of Vermont may as well become resigned first as last to the blackened character thus widely and abusively fastened upon them.

The New York School Situation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Realizing that the present discussions of educational matters in the State of New York are of great and far-reaching importance, I make bold to assert my views on the various bills now before the Legislature, relative to and emanating from the friction existing between the two State departments of education.

While unification should be enacted, both as a remedy for prevailing ills and a method of securing still higher standards in our school system, the Stevens bill is not a proper measure to bring this about. This bill is contrary to all well-recognized principles of American economics. It seeks to throw the management of a great and far-reaching system, the system nearest the social life and the future welfare of the State, into the hands of a body of men elected by the Legislature to life positions—an election which makes them, in the political sense, responsible to no one. While certain ideals might have justified the formation of this bureau, in the manner indicated, early in the history of the State, the business ideas of to-day, and the development of our system of government, and the general notion of that system in the minds of its founders, all serve as arguments, if not against the retention of a bureau so organized, at least against the extension of its powers. To place into the hands of this bureau the extensive functions of the department of public instruction would be a most dangerous proceeding, since it would turn over to an irresponsible agent the total discharge of the duties contingent upon the education of the generations to come. A more serious error could not be made than this. Political and economic history shows us that in the discharge of executive function by officers whose accession to or tenure of office does not depend upon the will of the people, there is seldom growth and often decay. The ideal condition has not been reached, or, having been reached, has been passed, in the development of the race, where the government may be exercised by life officials who gain their positions without regard to the voice of the governed. Human nature to-day demands that government be directly responsible to the people. The United States may have to learn this lesson severely some day, through its Senate.

This should not be construed into an attack upon the Regents. The work they have done must be recognized; the high standing of our secondary school system must be credited in large measure to their department, and to certain persons connected with that department. They have not abused the power placed in their hands by the illogical measure to which they owe their official existence. There are on the board men of learning and observation and wisdom, who have high ideals and are capable of deep philosophical thought. The absence of practical school men from the Board, however, is painfully apparent, as is the absence of activity in official lines on the part of the more active business and professional men who find places thereon; and in the management of school affairs we must have men of practical experience in life. The abstruse theorizing in the matters of education should be left to men outside of the school-room and executive office; there is no place for it there. The learned psychologist cannot be a successful teacher; neither can the doctrinaire. Each has his place, from which he may reach the practical school man through speech and writing; and the latter will separate the silver from the lead in the crucible of his experience.

The argument that the transfer of the functions of the Department to the Board of Regents would remove them from politics is specious. The present Board is, with one exception, I believe, wholly Republican. The present executive head of the Board is a former Republican school commissioner. Politics can find

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its way as easily into this Board as into any other bureau of our State government: first, because the great bulk of the work is delegated to one man; secondly, because the Board itself is partisan in its composition; thirdly, because it is impossible to remove politics from the discharge of any functions of government the executives of which are created in any partisan manner whatever. The cry of "no politics" should be too old to catch any one; it has served its time, yet will probably go on serving it until there is no more politics. It is not a question of no politics, but a question of politics honestly met and administered; and as to a single-headed bureau or one governed by a board, there is little difference in this matter.

Again, the Stevens bill provides for the immediate swallowing of one department, with all its machinery, by the other. This must at any time be disastrous; and particularly so when the two departments affected are at war, and the annihilation of one is desired by the other; and more particularly so when the one that survives is far separated from the other in method, theory, and tradition. The absorption of one bureau by another should be attended by peaceful relations, by full sympathy, and by a large share of the time element, that the absorption may be complete and beneficial in every way.

Such absorption seems to be aimed at by the bill introduced by Senator E. R. Brown. In providing that two years shall elapse before the two departments go together, it seeks to gain the sympathy and the peaceful relations necessary, and makes provision for that preparation essential to the easy transfer desired. It does not seek to legislate any person or persons out of office, or to disturb any of the methods of either party; nor does it savor of the rancor of strife. It merely provides for the establishment of a State school system like that recommended for and found in our cities and villages, where a board of citizens administer the affairs of the schools through an expert school man acting as superintendent or principal. It is a business plan, and seems to meet the demand for a peaceful and beneficial settlement of this vexatious question.

It must be evident to every observer that a unification of the two departments is necessary to the future welfare of the schools of the State. At present the conditions are anomalous. It is impossible to find where the functions of one department cease and those of the other begin. They overlap and conflict in their duties, and the inevitable result is friction. There can be no harmonious administration of the school affairs until one of two remedies is used; viz., a new and clear line of demarcation made, or unification.

The first of these is provided for by the bills fathered by Senator W. L. Brown and Assemblyman McNair, which seek to separate the functions of the two bureaus on the lines of the public and private schools. While that condition would be preferable to that of the present, it seems that the result of such action would be the production of an unfortunate rivalry between the public and private school systems that would of itself be injurious to the best interests of both. Our present system of secondary education is the best known, and we should do nothing to destroy it; nor has its development been accompanied by any hostility to the old-time private schools, which have been gradually forced to give way before the superior growth of the public institutions and the establishment of the free school system, until but few are left. To separate these from the public schools in the matter of State supervision and to place them under the same bureau with the colleges, particularly at this time of hostile feeling, would be unwise.

The second remedy noted is sought by the bill introduced by the Senator from the Jefferson district, already discussed. It has been suggested that the measure is unconstitutional, in that the Constitution provides for a Board of Regents; but it seems that this has been taken into account by the framer of the bill, which provides in section five that "the members of the State board of education shall be regents of the university." The writer earnestly hopes that this bill, or one very similar to it, may become law.

CHARLES E. SNYDER.

Hempstead, N. Y.

Labor and Tariff

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Boulton's interesting article on the economy of high wages was not intended as a free-trade argument. But it shows

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inferentially, what Schoenhof showed accurately years ago in his book on that subject, that the labor cost of most articles manufactured in this country is less than that of similar articles manufactured abroad. American high-paid labor, when using our ingenious machinery, is the most efficient in the world, and needs no tariff for its protection.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York City.

German Women and the Higher Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of January 3 is an article on "The Woman Question in Germany," which is unfortunately incorrect in its principal statements. It is true that the number of women attending the Berlin University has greatly decreased. But this is the result of a petition presented to the University by Helene Lange, and other women prominent in the movement for higher education, requesting that only those should be enrolled who had at least a certificate from a Seminary, as the majority, up to that time, had been either young girls, or others, with the poorest training for the University, and a large number of Russians. The petition, at once granted, reduced the number of students, but made up in quality for lack of quantity, and saved the reputation of German women for earnest work.

There are at present *two gymnasiums* for girls alone in Charlottenberg and Schöneberg, two suburbs of Berlin, which are entirely *public*, supported by the city, and have exactly the same standard as the gymnasiums for boys.

One of my friends here in Dresden is President of the Women Teachers' Association of the Kingdom of Saxony. This Association presented, over a year ago, a petition to the University of Leipzig asking that young women who had passed the Seminary examination with honor should have the same privileges as the men who had passed this examination, *i.e.*, matriculation for Pedagogy, Philology, and Philosophy. This petition was also granted. Young women who have the *gymnasium* certificate, from either a private or a public gymnasium, can be matriculated for Medicine and Law in Leipzig.

At the General Congress of Women Teachers, which meets in Dresden next May, a petition is to be drawn up and presented to all the different States of the German Empire, demanding that women shall have a place on the city School Boards. This is a long stride, and of course will not lead to anything at first, but it goes to show how much the women dare attempt. M. I. R.

[The writer of the letter from which an extract is here presented is an American woman, whose long residence in Germany enables her to speak with full knowledge of the facts.—THE EDITORS.]

Christodora House

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If any readers of The Outlook care to make a good investment for the summer, Christodora House can afford this opportunity. Many young business women connected with this organization want a place where they can spend their summer vacation, paying $2.50 per week for board. Many children need from one to six weeks in the country, most of whose parents can afford to pay nothing. We need a summer home, either large or small, to meet this demand, and would be glad of a permanent home or one for this season only. It should be near New York, on account of the railroad fares.

One child was sent last summer to a private home. The query was raised, after reaching the spacious yard and house, "Who lives under you?" "No one," was the reply. "Who lives over you?" "No one." Pointing into the front room, she said, "Who lives in there?" "Why, no one." "But who's your landlord?" she inquired in a surprised tone. "We have none," the young woman replied. "Well, kin I holler, then, and won't a policeman catch me?" Upon the ready consent of the young woman, she lifted up her voice and ran from the front yard to the back as though free for the first time.

We who live in this crowded city long for that freedom from restraint and people which only the country can give. Will not some one secure for us a place where we may have it? X. X.

Christodora House, Avenue B, New York City.

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